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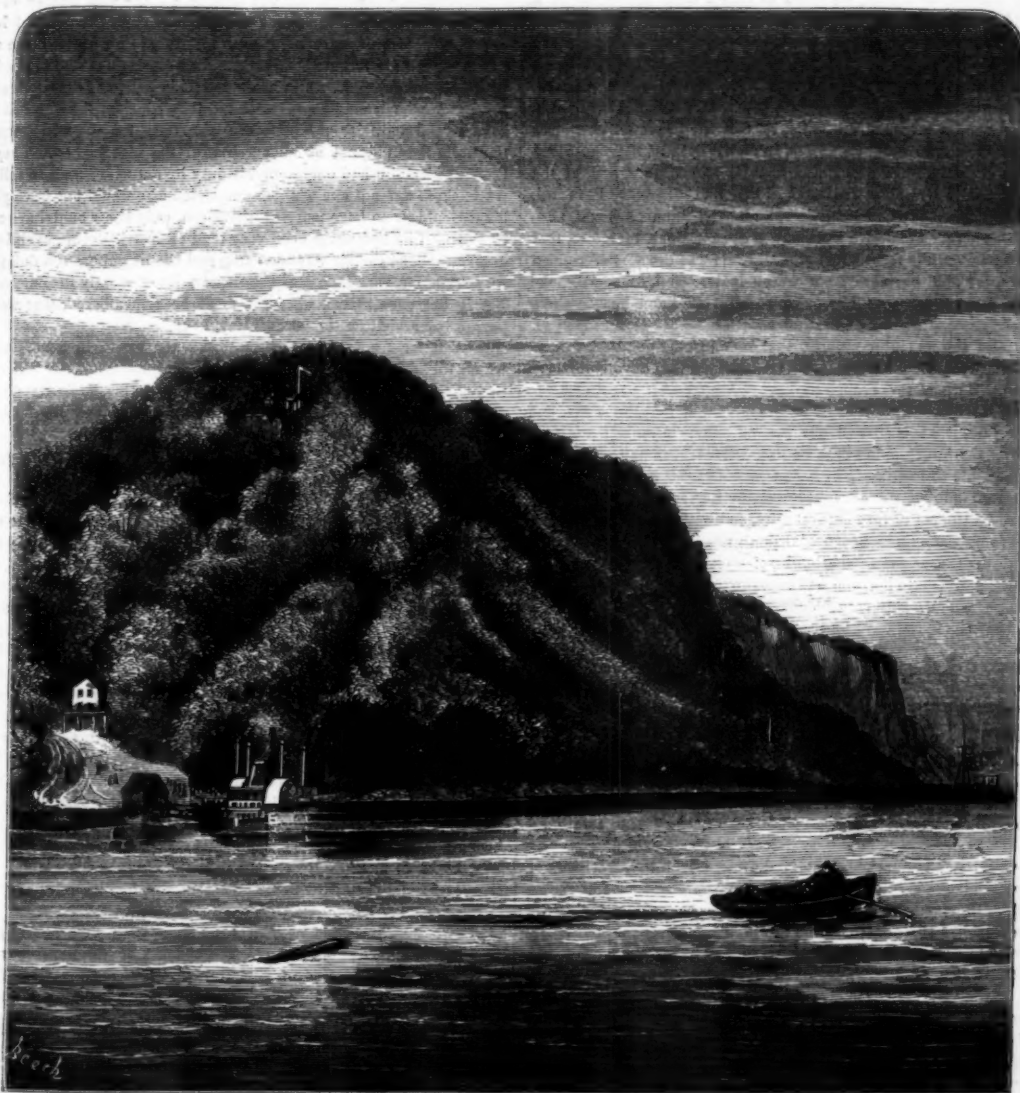
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FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON. See page 660.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

## CHAPTER IV.—THE INVITATIONS ARE ACCEPTED.

Now we must leave High Beech for a while, and turn to London; and first we will go to No. — Lowndes Street, and call on Lady Sweetapple. We are early, and find her just come down to breakfast; but we make no apology, for novelists are like physicians—they call at all hours on their characters; and, though the doctor sometimes finds his patients "not at home," we never yet knew a character who denied himself to his novelist.

And now, before Lady Sweetapple is aware of our presence, we will take a good look at her, and see what she is like. How old was she? To this question we answer boldly, Lady Sweetapple was under thirty. Of course, you might be taken to the "Peerage and Baronetage," and there you would soon find the reputed, or reported, age of Amicia Lady Sweetapple, the young widow of Sir John Sweetapple, of Quarendon Hall, in North Devon. But, as novelists ought to know best about the ages of their creations, being, in fact, an authority far above Dod, or Debrett, or Burke, we scorn to take a mean advantage of a lady, and say merely that Lady Sweetapple was under thirty. She might, to look at her, have been twenty-five or twenty-seven; but she certainly was not above thirty. She was not very tall, and her figure was rather slight, though she was very well shaped, and so, perhaps, looked rather slighter than she really was. Her complexion was, if you understand what we mean by the term, a fair brunette. Her eyes were a soft Irish gray, and there was, in fact, a dash of Milesian blood in her composition. She had a very pretty mouth, firm, and, at the same time, full; her nose was straight and fine, with very beautiful, delicate nostrils. She had small ears, and hands, and feet, and, altogether, was a very attractive woman. We see at once, therefore, that Florence Carlton was right when she said she was the sort of woman to take away nice partners from young ladies; and, in society, she had two great advantages, if women so situated know how to make use of them. She was a widow, and unfettered—her own *chaperone*, in fact; and she was nearly thirty, that very turning-point of a woman's life, before which some people have asserted that a woman is not a woman. Here is the French saying: "*Femme n'est pas femme que quand elle a trente ans.*" Who it was that said it we cannot say, but whoever said it was a shrewd observer of women's nature; and certainly in Lady Sweetapple's case he would have been quite right. It was impossible to look at Lady Sweetapple and not to feel, whatever difference of opinion there might be about her looks, that you had before you a woman of rare natural gifts, and with the power to make sad havoc on the human heart. "I don't think her the least good-looking," man after man said; and yet almost every man who approached felt drawn to her, and had to make her acquaintance, whether he would or no. In this respect she was as arrant a siren as though she had lived all her days on those "diamond-rocks" in the Straits of Messina; and we very much doubt whether Ulysses, or Jason, or any of those ancient worthies, could have resisted the advances of Lady Sweetapple, if she had been seen "sleeking her soft alluring locks" with her golden comb, and singing a low, soft song of love. And now, when we have added that she was notoriously more a man's than a woman's beauty, we have said almost all that we have to say about her just now. The real fact was, that most women were too afraid of her to admire her; for, if it be true that "perfect love casteth out fear," the converse is no less sure, that perfect fear casteth out love.

Here let it be remarked, that land-owners in North Devon have one great advantage. They are so out of the way that few people care what they do. So it comes about that a Devonshire scandal is not half such an exposure as one in the home-counties; and, while no one could dare to run away from his wife and children for a season in Hertfordshire, or Surrey, or Essex, the same crime might be committed in the valleys of the Taw and the Torridge, or beyond Bude in Cornwall, and so on quite down to the Land's End itself, and no one out of the west of England would be one whit the wiser.

Somehow or other there was a veil over the early history of Lady Sweetapple, and yet no one could say a word against her. She had been born, it was said, or at any rate educated, abroad, and that when very young—perhaps after she had been put to school with those very

sirens in the Straits of Messina—she had met and married Sir John Sweetapple, then on a roving tour in his yacht. They had only been married a year or two, having lived for the most part still abroad, when Sir John died, and was buried with his forefathers in Quarendon Abbey, which you may find in a nook somewhere along the North-Devon coast, if you strain your eyes hard enough and long enough.

The siren had no children. Perhaps the race was destined to die out with her, the last of the old stock. Perhaps not, for the breed is brisk, and the strain strong and stout. Perhaps there will never be a time when there are no sirens. Those who have suffered by them will say, "Would to Heaven the whole race of sirens were extinct!" Those who have not will exclaim, "What folly! They are a very harmless race. Why should they die out any more than Lord Tankerville's white cattle and the great auk? Let them live, poor things, were it only for our instruction and amusement."

When Sir John died he left no direct heir to inherit the title; that went to a distant cousin. But he made his will, as the husbands of sirens often do; and what the will said was that Quarendon Abbey, and all the Sweetapple estates, and all the personality, all the—every thing, in short, that Sir John had to leave, was to belong absolutely to his "dear wife Amicia."

Of course, when the will was known, all the wise women of the west said, "What a shame not to leave a penny to his lawful heir! See what comes of marrying a siren!" In saying which these very wise people quite forgot that Sir John had always been madly in love with Lady Sweetapple, while he detested his heir, as is the nature of some men who are childless. Nor did they consider that Amicia had been a good and faithful wife to Sir John. As for the wise men of the west, they did not at all agree with the wise women. They all thought Sir John had only done his duty by his wife; and, to tell the truth, there was not one of them unmarried who would not have given his little finger to have married the siren, only she would have none of them. She had never been very fond of North Devon, even in Sir John's time, as the air was too damp and the neighbors too dull; and so, to make a very long story short, she lived mostly in London, at No. — Lowndes Street, where, it must be remembered, that we are paying her a visit on the 23d of May, 1870.

"A letter from Lady Carlton," said the siren, in a soft voice, which would have melted the heart of Mentor himself. "What can Lady Carlton have to say?" and, as she said this, Lady Sweetapple tossed the letter down with a grace that would have charmed any man's heart.

So the siren had breakfast, a meal which did not take long, and then she opened the letter.

"To go to High Beech on the 1st of June to meet—yes! that is the question, to meet whom? How provoking! It only says to meet 'a few friends.' What a fortunate pair Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton are in having a few friends! Some people have no friends, only acquaintances or enemies. I wonder who these few friends can be, and whether there are any of my friends among them? Let me consider and guess. It doesn't take a second to guess that Mr. Beeswing will be there. He is such a great friend of both Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton. How happy is the man who knows really how to hold with the hare and run with the hounds! In other words, to be equally agreeable to both husband and wife. Yes, he will be there for certain. I don't much like him, nor does he care for me, that I can see; but the house will never be dull where Mr. Beeswing is a guest. Who else? Ah, I remember," with a hurry of voice and a slight flush of face, "Harry Fortescue will be there. He told me that Sir Thomas had asked him yesterday to go down to High Beech, and that he hoped I might be there. This, no doubt, is the invitation he meant. Yes, I will go to High Beech on the 1st of June. I am sure I shall be very happy when Mr. Beeswing is in the house, and Harry Fortescue as well."

Now we have seen enough of Lady Sweetapple, and we will go to Grosvenor mansions and pay Mr. Beeswing a visit. He, too, is just up when we arrive. Had we gone first to him we should have found him in bed, for middle-aged bachelors are less early in their habits than sirens under thirty. Here we have him in his dressing-gown and slippers, a well-preserved, clean-shaven man of fifty-five.

As we have already said, Edward Beeswing was a younger son of the Earl of Port. It was a fine old Irish family, always renowned for wit and good-fellowship. Sir Edward Beeswing had a great share in negotiating the Methuen treaty, which made us, as is well known, a

nation of port-drinkers. The first minister of the day, who had a dry sense of humor, and wished to reward the eminent diplomatist, gave him a pension on the Civil List by making him hereditary holder of the king's corkscrew whenever it pleased his majesty to visit that part of his dominions called Ireland, and at the same time raised him to the peerage as Baron Port. For eminent public services at elections, and for docility at the time of the Union, the barony of Port had risen to the earldom of the same name; and so, some thirty years ago, when the second Earl of Port died, Edward Beeswing, then twenty-five years of age, and one of the finest and most fashionable young men about town, found himself with an annuity of five hundred a year charged on the very encumbered estate of his elder brother, and with no other prospects. What he would have done at the present day it is impossible to say, but his elder brother, who, most luckily, was a Whig, went to Lord Melbourne and got his brother made a commissioner of Outland Revenue, or remembrancer of her majesty's conscience, or some equally-important sinecure, on which, and on his irregularly-paid annuity, he had subsisted ever since.

For the rest, he was a genial, pleasant man, equally liked by both men and women. To the last he gave good advice, founded on ample experience of all the affections of the heart, and toward the first he was never arrogant, but, on the contrary, most courteous and forbearing; for he said, "Though I am an old fogey, what in the world is the use of becoming as crusty as my elder brother, and of forgetting that I once was a wild young fellow, hardly ever out of difficulties?"

Let us hear what he says in answer to Lady Carlton. "An invitation for the 1st of June to High Beech. Well, I must say Lady Carlton is a most faithful friend, and so is Sir Thomas. There are always pleasant people at their parties. I am luckily disengaged, and I shall most certainly accept." So he accepted, and we may expect to see him at High Beech on the 1st of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram live, as you know, in Great Cumberland Street, Hyde Park, in a great musty old house that looked as if it had never been painted or cleaned since the time of Adam. When you were inside it, it smelt strongly of hay and apples, as though it were a loft and store-room combined. It was one of those houses, too, in which the servant who opened the door looked as though he had just got out of bed and huddled on his clothes; and, call at what hour you might, there was either a wagon of coals at the door, or a washer-woman's cart, or a dustman carting away cinders. Whether there were back-stairs or not, no one could tell; but it was a fact that, at all hours of the day, slatternly housemaids, with brooms and pails, were perpetually running up and down the front stairs. The friends of Mrs. Marjoram said it was all Mr. Marjoram's fault, he was so particular; and all Mr. Marjoram's friends agreed in laying the blame on Mrs. Marjoram, she was so untidy. As for ourselves, we decline to side with either party. We respect Mr. Marjoram, and dread his wife; our only object in this story is to prevent them from quarrelling in public. As to what they may do at home we do not care a straw.

"That must wait for an answer till Mr. Marjoram comes down," said Mrs. Marjoram. "What a shame it is that he will be always late for breakfast!"

This was at nine o'clock—an hour at which many would think a man at the end of May, in the height of the London season, need not have been abused for being five minutes late for breakfast at nine.

It so happened that, before the five minutes were over, down came Mr. Marjoram.

"Late again for prayers, Mr. Marjoram," said his wife. "I wish you would consider what a shocking example you set to the servants."

"My dear," said Mr. Marjoram, "it is really not my fault this morning. Yesterday, I admit, I was a little late after that long dinner at the Mansion House; but this morning, just as I was coming down, I fell over a dust-pan which Mary had left on the landing, and I bruised my shin so that the skin is all off for two inches."

Having said this, the unhappy Marjoram rubbed his shin, and looked imploringly for mercy.

But as the judges say to the wretches they are about to sentence to death, "If you think of mercy, you must turn your eyes to a wiser and better tribunal," there was no mercy for her husband where Mrs. Marjoram was concerned.

"And pray where were your eyes, Mr. Marjoram, when you fell over the dust-pan? You might as well say that you had fallen down-

stairs because you had no legs. Why, I ask, did you not see the dust-pan? No doubt poor Mary left it there when she ran downstairs to prayers; and if you had come down when the bell rang, you would have been here before she put down the pan, and so could not have fallen over it. The pain, therefore, which you now suffer is caused by your own sin of omission, and should be looked on rather as a salutary warning than as a cause of complaint and repining. Another time, Mr. Marjoram, no doubt you will be down to prayers before Mary has time to leave the dust-pan in your way."

After this exhortation to early rising and prayer-going, the unhappy Marjoram was suffered to eat his breakfast in silence and comparative peace. When he had finished it he was about to bolt for the door, and so secure his retreat to the hall, where he would have seized his hat and umbrella and escaped from the house to the city. That was what he did on most mornings, except Sunday, when he was led off to church by Mrs. Marjoram. But on this particular morning it was not fated that he should so escape.

"Mr. Marjoram," said Mrs. Marjoram, in a sepulchral voice, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, my dear; pray say it," said Mr. Marjoram, with a sidelong, seal-like wriggle toward the door.

"Do you, then, decline to hear me, Mr. Marjoram?" said his tormentor, executing a rapid flank movement, which placed her between her victim and the door.

"Oh, no, my dear, certainly not," said Mr. Marjoram. "Only I am rather in a hurry to-day, as there is much to do in the city."

"Here is an invitation from Lady Carlton for the 1st of June. Will you go, Mr. Marjoram?"

"I will do as you like, my dear," said the unhappy Marjoram.

"How often have I to repeat, Mr. Marjoram, that it gives me no pleasure to go out into the world? If you do as I please, you will stay at home."

"My dear," said Mr. Marjoram, "I think we had better go. It will do you good to be relieved from the care of a house for a few days; and, though you will never believe me, there is no one better fitted than yourself to shine in society."

"Mr. Marjoram," said his better half, "when you married me, I was, perhaps, what you say; but now I am a wreck, a shadow. Every age has its cares, Mr. Marjoram, and no age has more than that of a middle-aged married woman."

Was Mrs. Marjoram to be believed when she said this? If the truth be told, she was telling an awful story. She was neither a wreck nor a shadow. She slept well and ate well, had every thing her own way, and ruled Mr. Marjoram with a rod of iron. In her heart she wished very much to go to High Beech, but she thought it would give her husband an advantage over her if she showed pleasure at the prospect of going; and so she made it appear as though she was going, if she went at all, solely because he wished it. All this was very wrong and cross-grained; but, alas! it is too often the way of the world. There are, in this vale of tears and groans, many Mrs. Marjorams.

"Well, then," said Mr. Marjoram, who began to think ruefully of his business in the city, "I suppose you will write and say we shall be very happy to go. I like Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, and they would both like you, if you would only let them."

"Oh, do not run away with the idea that it will give me the least pleasure. I am always much better at home in my own place—a woman's place—at the head of my household."

"But you will write and accept the invitation?" said Mr. Marjoram.

"Yes; on the understanding that I go to please you, and not expecting any satisfaction in the visit."

Having got so far, Mr. Marjoram thought probably that he had won a great victory, for he vanished as quickly as he could, and was soon seen limping along Great Cumberland Street with his broken shin, on his way to the city.

When he was gone, his domestic tyrant sat down and accepted "dear Lady Carlton's" invitation "with very great pleasure."

#### CHAPTER V.—HARRY AND EDWARD AT BREAKFAST.

EDWARD VERNON and Harry Fortescue lived in the same lodgings, in Eccleston Street, Belgravia. Thirty years ago they would have



lived in chambers in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, and they would have been much more comfortable. They would have had a clerk between them, whose chief duty would have been to stick up bits of paper in the mouth of the letter-box, "Return in half an hour," "At Westminster," "On Sessions," "On Circuit." On all which notices we need only remark, that there have been cases where an unfortunate visitor has returned at intervals of thirty minutes for three successive hours, and always found the same notice staring him in the face. But, in these days of progress, few young barristers—for that was the profession of these bosom friends—ever live altogether at chambers. They had a set of rooms in common in Pump Court, and a clerk, as was the case in old times, and he stuck up much the same illusory notices, as though the business of these Siamese barristers were increasing so fast that he, their clerk, would soon take a ten-roomed house—that supreme object of every clerk's ambition. But, in reality, the friends lived, for the most part, in that street in Belgravia; and, though they went sometimes to the Temple, they were not nearly so attentive to business as they might have been. In several respects their condition was strangely alike; they were both well born, both younger sons, and both orphans. The only relation in life that either of them had was an elder brother. As for cousins, that bond of affinity which Scotchmen worship and Englishmen detest, they had none of them. No doubt it was this likeness of condition that had drawn Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue so closely together at Eton, had continued their friendship at Oxford, and still kept them so near together in London. In one other point they were very like. They were both cursed with a competence, and that was the real reason why they were so careless in the pursuit of their profession. "Do you see that pothouse," said Chief-Justice Earwig to one of his great admirers, when they were posting out of London to York, to try twelve Luddites, afterward to be hanged all of a row. "Do you see that pothouse in Carey Street, Lincoln's inn? Well, for twenty years of my life, when I was a young man, I dined every day at five o'clock, on a beefsteak, at that house. I never went into society, and never read a book when out of court, except one on law." Having told which bit of domestic history in a husky voice, the chief justice sank into the corner of his chariot, and left his marshal and admirer to draw the inference that the Law has always been a jealous mistress to those who woo her.

But certainly neither Edward Vernon nor Harry Fortescue was going to bow down before a divinity whose worship consisted in eating tough beefsteaks and drinking porter, and whose church services consisted of dry law-books and musty precedents. They were prepared to do all that a young man should do toward studying his profession, provided it did not interfere with the sacred right of every young man of fashion to dine out as often as he could; and, above all things, to dance as often, and as well, as he could. Certain formal rites, indeed, they cheerfully fulfilled. They entered their names as students; they ate disgusting dinners at half-past five, washed down with port-wine of the vintage of 1868; they attended lectures, and went to sleep, much in the same way as the benchers went to sleep who attended them for form's sake. They never went into any examinations. They were supposed to read in an eminent conveyancer's chambers, for which they paid him very handsome fees; but if they came, it was only to exemplify Charles Lamb's famous rule of coming late and going away early. In these chambers there were always venerable papers involving all sorts of abstruse points of law, but only one or two fallow-faced fellows, who were not cursed with a competence, ever read them. They, no doubt, will have their reward. Unless our whole judicial system is reformed from off the face of the earth, they will be vice-chancellors, and perhaps lord-chancellors. If they lean to common law, they may become as great common lawyers as Chief-Justice Earwig himself, always provided that their livers last, and they are not starved to death or choked with dust by learning their profession and waiting for business. Enthusiasts in the law no doubt look on such prospects with intense delight, and they feel the same pleasure in running a precedent to book as a bold rider who is in at the death of a fox; but it was not so with those idle apprentices, Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue. They were great dancers, and good authorities on the Eton and Harrow match, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. They could have told in a second how many times dark blue had won the race, the names of the strokes, and even of the crews, for the last ten years. I am not sure, too, that they could not have told you the names of

the winners of the Derby for the last three years. In all these things they could have taken a first class in a competitive examination; but as for law, God bless you! in spite of all their entrance-fees, and dinner-bills, and fees for the run of that eminent conveyancer's chambers—in spite, too, of that mystical call to the bar to which they had at last eaten and paid their way—they were just as ignorant as babes unborn.

Now we know enough of them to call at No. — Eccleston Street, and to find them sitting at breakfast. If Mr. Beeswing was later in his habits than Lady Sweetapple, Edward and Harry were much later than Mr. Beeswing. This, no doubt, is providential, for, if we all had our breakfast at the same hour, what a rush there would be to wait on us and attend to our wants! See, therefore, how short-sighted heads of families are who complain of the younger members of their family coming down so late to breakfast! There would often be no breakfast at all, if we all appeared together; and this is said with all due respect to all those virtuous fathers and mothers who breakfast regularly at eight, supported by ten olive-branches—five daughters on one side, and five sons on the other. It is no use their saying that they get their breakfast regularly served at that hour. For, after all, what is their breakfast? French eggs, Irish butter, cold toast, slack-baked bread, and water-cresses. Always tea, and never coffee. On such fare every family would be regular, every member of it must come down early, were it only to eat as little of it as possible, and so get over the nauseous meal, and be off about his business as soon as ever he can.

But it was at no such niggardly breakfast that Edward and Harry were seated at half-past twelve on that morning of the 23d of May, 1870. One liked tea and the other coffee, and they both liked chocolate. So they had all three. As for chocolate, it never quenches thirst; so they had that first, and then one had tea and the other coffee. Now don't hold up your hands, Mrs. Economy, and shriek out against such awful waste. Of course it was, and far better would it have been for these unearnest young men had they been living as the holy anchorites of old in the desert near the Natron Lakes—munching parched peas and writing out the Bible on goat-skins. If we all had our way and did our duty, we might have the millennium down upon us in, say, a hundred years. But this is not a story about the millennium, and, though there will be no wickedness in it, it must tell of the ways of the world, and one of the bad ways of the world is, that young men who are not forced to work for their bread will not get up early if they have been dancing their legs off till four o'clock the night before. Nor is it perhaps to be wondered at that two young men, who had never had a real want in their lives, should under all the circumstances make themselves as comfortable as they could. Whatever, therefore, Mrs. Economy may say, and however much she may hold up her hands, we proceed to say that the pair had fresh eggs, and devilled kidneys, and pressed beef, on the table before them. Oh, yes! and there was a dish of prawns on the sideboard, which came from Charles's, and, worse still, a Strasbourg pie, into which Edward Vernon was digging with a spoon at the very moment of our visit. It is a common fiction with parents of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise school, that going to balls saps the constitution and leads the way to an early grave. This is another of those pious frauds which should be hissed off the stage by public opinion. It is much to be doubted whether dancing ever hurt man or woman, unless they had a heart-disease. Again, how inconsequent are the enemies of balls! Does Parliament, where a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen for the most part spend their evenings in an endless round of dulness, rarely relieved by a brilliant or even a lively debate—does Parliament, with its interminable clauses and committees, and morning sittings and late divisions, sap the constitution of our legislators and prepare them for the inroads of consumption? Why should a man, and a young man, ruin his health by meeting five nights out of the week with a number of young people of his own age, both men and women, and enjoy himself by dancing away in very pleasant company some of his superfluous energy? Do those fallow-faced students who burn the midnight oil in the worship of Themis, or whatever other goddess presides over the law, never injure their eyes, or their livers, or their looks? "Oh, yes," you say; "but that is all for the sake of science and learning." All respect, we say, to science and learning; but consider, if we were all scientific and learned, what a place of torment this world would be! Besides, we can't all be scientific and learned; our heads are not strong enough for it. We can't all be as



wise as Pythagoras or Socrates, though we may look a deal more handsome than the last philosopher, who, if there are actions in the Elysian Fields, ought long ago to have instructed Gorgias or Protagoras to take proceedings against the sculptor who carved his bust. The result of this long discussion therefore is, that there is room for every one on earth; and just as in the natural world there are elephants, and birds of paradise, and owls, and beetles, so in the world of society there are men who are meant to work, and men who are meant to play and look pretty. Two such pretty men were Edward and Harry; and it seems to us just as natural that Edward should be digging into a Strasbourg pie at half-past twelve, as that at that very same hour, in Mr. Sheepskin's chambers, in Pumpcourt, their fellow-students, who were not as lazy as themselves, should have already mastered several precedents, which they had duly entered in a big book bound in rough calf.

"Rather jolly this!" said Edward. "Here is an invitation to High Beech. I should so like to see Alice Carlton again. She'll be a nice girl when she has got over the shyness of her first season."

"Of course, Lady Carlton has asked me, too," said Harry. "Just look at my letters while I am digging out this truffle. Certainly that fellow, Artzner, does make most famous pies. Are they really all made out of the livers of geese? I say, old fellow, what a lot of geese there must be in Strasbourg!"

"Yes, and in London, too, said Edward. "What a pity it is that we two can't set up a pie-manufactory, and boil down the livers of all the geese we know!"

"It wouldn't pay, Edward; there are too many of them. Goose-pies would become a drug, as they say of money in the city articles of the newspapers. We should never get rid of them."

"It would be worth trying, if they weren't so unwholesome. Chances are, after we had killed our geese and made their livers into pies, some fool of a doctor, bribed by Mother Goose herself, would write a letter to the *Times*, telling how a patient of his ate a goose-liver pie last Christmas-day, and died out of hand, with never so much time for repentance as to make his will, thus cutting his medical attendant off from that expected legacy."

"Don't be bitter, Edward, and don't abuse the faculty. Who can tell how soon we may want their help? What do you think that stupid old Lady Proudfoot said to me last night?"

"Sure I can't tell—something nasty, I dare say," said Edward.

"Why, she came up with an air of great concern, just as I was taking Miss Frolic down to supper, and said, 'Dear me, Mr. Fortescue, I should never have known you again—how thin and pale you have got! This all comes from reading the law, I suppose.'"

"Just like her!" said Edward. "All because you did not dance with Miss Proudfoot. But how, I ask, can any one dance with her daughter? She has no ear, can't dance, clings to you when you waltz like a wet blanket, and is, besides, very ugly, and without a word to say for herself."

"At any rate," said Harry, "that's not the way to make me dance with her. As for being thin and pale, we both deny it. First, about the thinness—weren't we, to our disgust, more than half a stone heavier than we had ever been in our lives when we were last weighed? And, so far as paleness goes, I think if we only look in the glass we shall see that we are as blooming as roses."

As he said this, Harry Fortescue looked at himself in the glass, which, even though it was a lodging-house glass, and very apt to represent features and faces all awry, could not fail to reflect the form and face of a very handsome young man.

"There is no use putting one's self out at what old women say, Edward," said Harry. "Let them rave, as Tennyson says. They can't talk away our health or youth. The age of witches is over. They can't stick pins into waxen figures of us and make us waste slowly away; and so, old fellow, let us snap our fingers at Lady Proudfoot and all her works."

"Wiseest plan," said Edward, "is not to snap your fingers at any woman, old or young. If they can't bewitch us, old women can ruin our characters with their tongues. Best take my rule, Harry: be good friends with young women, and show respect to the old; and that was why, in spite of all those wicked inventions of hers, your mother might have seen me taking a spin round the room with Miss Proudfoot after supper; only you could not see us, for you were flirting with Lady Sweetapple in the conservatory."

"Lady Sweetapple is a very charming woman," said Harry; "but

what shall we do about High Beech? Of course, we will both be too happy to go. They are very charming people, and we both like the girls."

"But you don't know whether you are asked, Harry," said Edward. "You haven't opened your letter. You take it all for granted."

"Don't I?" cried Harry. "I should just think I was. I met Sir Thomas yesterday afternoon, and he asked me in person; and part of that flirtation which you accuse me of having had with Lady Sweetapple last night was spent in telling her that I was going to High Beech, and I wished she were going, too."

"Very mean to keep a fellow in the dark all this while," said Edward. "Why, I might have accepted another invitation, and so missed seeing that charming Alice."

"Alas! I may turn the tables on you," said Harry, "and ask how I was to know that they were going to ask you. Sir Thomas said nothing about it."

"You might have taken it for granted," said Edward. "But, never mind, it is all right; and we will both go, and we shall be very happy with the Carltons for a day or two."

"I wonder if they will ask Lady Sweetapple?" said Harry, half aloud.

"O Harry!" said Edward, putting on the air and accent of a Mentor, "how often have I warned you against the fascination of widows! Listen to what one of the old fathers says on that subject. It must be true, for I heard it at divinity lectures at Oxford: 'All women,' says St. Cyprian, 'are vile reptiles, which should be crushed without mercy by right-minded men. But as for widows, they are venomous snakes, who twine themselves round young men, and drag them down to hell.' Be warned, I say."

"I don't believe in St. Cyprian, Edward. Now I think of it, he was a black man; and what should he know about white widows? I don't know why you should be so solemn about Lady Sweetapple; but I think I can promise you, so far as your friend Cyprian is concerned, that if I ever marry a widow, it shan't be a black one."

#### CHAPTER VI.—COUNT PANTOUFFLES AND COLONEL AND MRS. BARKER.

WHEN Count Pantouffles received Lady Carlton's letter, he was in ecstasies, as all the members of that distinguished family invariably are. No reader is to ask to what legation Count Pantouffles was attached. He came of a race which belongs to all nationalities alike, and we have all of us met, all over Germany, before it was united, with a Graf von Pantoffel, the very counterpart of the Count Pantouffles of our story. Any of you that choose to take the trouble may run him to earth in imagination; but beware of betaking yourselves to the *Almanach de Gotha*, or of fixing on an individual what is in reality the portrait of a class.

Count Pantouffles lived in a little house in a by-street in Mayfair; that is to say, he slept there, and there he had a cup of coffee and a rush before his breakfast, but all the rest of the day he spent at the Diplomatic Club. He was a tall, handsome man, with the blackest hair and best-trimmed mustache and beard in the world. His clothes fitted him like wax, and he spoke English tolerably. He was not very original or very bright; but we English must recollect that we are most of us not very shining lights when we speak the language of another country. None of you shall ever know what the count's own language was; and, above all things, you are not to suppose he was a Frenchman because his name was Pantouffles; for are there not, as we have said, Pantouffles in all the countries under the sun? He had been so long in the country, though he was not at all old, that some people thought the country from which he was accredited to the court of St. James had forgotten his existence; but in all probability he fulfilled his mission to the supreme satisfaction of his sovereign, and that, and no other, was the reason why he was not removed from England. Popular he most decidedly was; most men and all women liked him. He had plenty of small-talk, a serene smile, and filled a gap at a table more ornamentally than most men. His great merit was that, though he was full of engagements, he was almost always disengaged. How he managed this most difficult point, it is hard to say. Many people fancied he must often have eaten two dinners on the same day; but as no one could say that he had ever been with him at those two dinners, that fact, if it were a fact, remained a supposition incapable of proof.

He, too, when he got Lady Carlton's invitation, sat down and accepted it at once.

So now they have all accepted but Colonel and Mrs. Barker. The colonel had been a schoolfellow of Sir Thomas Carlton. Then, when the baronet went to Oxford, "Jerry" Barker, as he was called at school, went into the army. As all the ways in the world lead to Rome, so all soldiering, sooner or later, ends in India; and to India Mr. Barker proceeded in due course. He was then a lieutenant in her majesty's —th Foot Fire-eaters, and he had not long been in Benares before he fell a victim, not to the cholera or jungle-fever, but to a heart-disease; in other words, he married Mrs. Barker, the daughter of the general who commanded the station, and who was confessedly the beauty of the cantonments. That was not one of the unfortunate unions of this world. No one could have a more devoted husband than Mrs. Barker, and no wife was more constant than Mr. Barker's. She was not one of those recreant soldier's wives who leave their husbands to swelter in India while they return to England to visit their friends. Of course they were sometimes parted, as when Captain Barker was ordered to Burmah, or, later still, when as major he marched toward the Punjab in the first Sikh War. But, even on this last occasion, Mrs. Barker was not far from her husband; for she took up a position at Delhi, and there awaited the result of the campaign, confident that when Major Barker rode at the head of her majesty's —th Foot Fire-eaters, there was not a Sikh that would dare to stand against them. Nor was the true wife's confidence misplaced. The —th Regiment covered itself with glory, and when almost the last round shot fired by the Sikhs, as they sullenly retired from the bloody field of Ferozeshah, took off the head of its lieutenant-colonel, Major Barker, who had gone through the hottest fire without a scratch, stepped at once into the vacant command, "*vice* Smith," as the *Gazette* said, "killed in action."

And so this faithful pair had gone on increasing in love, as medals and crosses shone thick on Colonel Barker's breast, till the time for retirement came, when the gallant colonel sold his commission, and returned to England to vegetate on his well-won laurels. Together, that husband and wife formed a perfect picture of well-trying conjugal love. Colonel Barker was convinced that there never was, either in antiquity or modern times, such a woman as Mrs. Barker; and woe betide the unhappy wight who was unlucky enough to insinuate that any warrior of classical, mediæval, or recent times, was comparable to Colonel Barker, either as a man, a husband, or a soldier, in Mrs. Barker's hearing! Dear, good woman! she even adored his old uniforms, and used often to hold them up to the admiring eyes of her female friends at a tea-party, with the exclamation, "That's what I call a uniform! You should have seen Colonel Barker wearing it as he rode at the head of the regiment out of the Hazareebagh."

Some married couples like each other less the longer they live together. They are like the north and south poles—in the same world, indeed, but as far as possible removed from each other. Not so Colonel and Mrs. Barker. They were inseparable. They got up together, and came down to prayers at the very same moment. Mrs. Barker knew how long her husband took to dress to a second, and when she heard him cough—for he coughed like a good soldier, as it were, by clockwork—she said to herself: "Now he has done shaving. He always coughs when he lays down his razor. That was just how he used to cough in cantonments." When he coughed again, it was a sign that he had buckled his stock. And you must know that the colonel coughed, not because he had any thing the matter with his throat or lungs, but because he had always coughed at those particular moments all his life; and he could no more have laid down his razor or buckled his stock without coughing, than some people can get through the Athanasian Creed without gaping in church. Why they do it, they cannot tell; and so it was with Colonel Barker. He could not tell why he coughed, but he always coughed all the same.

When they came down to breakfast, there were no such scenes and bickerings as those which rendered Mr. Marjoram's life so miserable. On the contrary, it was Mrs. Barker's duty and pleasure to make her dear colonel as comfortable as possible, and, if she ever is the cause of his death, it will be by kindness. At that breakfast-table was always to be found the newest milk, the richest cream, the freshest eggs, the best bacon, the nicest little omelettes, the best-made tea and coffee, and, though last not least, the whitest table-cloth

in the whole parish of Paddington. Now, none of you turn up your noses at Paddington, as if it were an abode only fit for owls and bats. Many good people live in Paddington, though it is a long way off; and though it was said that Mrs. Barker had fixed on Paddington for their residence, in order that she might keep the colonel away from the United Service and Oriental Clubs, and so have him all to herself, we believe it was a wicked story, and that they only set up their tent in Paddington because they liked it better than any other part of London.

"Jerry, dear," said Mrs. Barker, "what do you think? Here is an invitation for the 1st of June from Lady Carlton. Shall we go?"

"Of course we will, if you like it. Tom Carlton is now almost my oldest friend; but mind, Mary, you have a new dress, and be sure you take with you the emerald brooch which I bought you after the capture of the Ram Chowder's hill fort."

"As if I was likely to forget either the one or the other, Jerry! I always take a pride in wearing that emerald, which reminds me of your valor; and as for the new dress, we do not go out so often that I cannot afford one when Lady Carlton is good enough to ask us to High Beech."

"Very well, dear," said the faithful colonel, "and now let us have breakfast. It must be quite five minutes after the regulation time;" and then, without more ado, Colonel Barker charged the pieces of resistance marshalled on the table with as much determination as if they had been the Ram Chowder's hill fort itself.

At last, when the enemy had been utterly routed and reduced to confess the supremacy of his gastric juice, Colonel Barker paused, and, looking up kindly to his wife, who had long since ceased her operations against the common foe, he said:

"By-the-by, this is the day for the annual meeting of the Curry-and-Rice Club, of which you know I am an original member. They are going to propose a new rule, that no one shall be admitted a member who cannot prove, by medical certificate, that he has not had at least one gastric fever. They say it will cause more vacancies, and that, if it is carried, new candidates won't have to wait for ten years before the ballot. Never heard such stuff in my life. Look at me—did you ever know me have an attack of the liver, let alone a gastric fever? Never felt bilious in my life but once, and that was when the Sikhs cut down our sergeant-major and poor Ensign Griffin, and almost carried off the regimental colors. We soon got it back, though; but for a minute I felt my liver swelling, and I am sure my face was yellow as a gold mohur."

"You may well call it nonsense," echoed Mrs. Barker. "Instead of changing the rules, I should change the committee. Go and vote against them by all means, and mind you come back to dinner, and if you see an old friend at the club you can bring him too. Never mind if he has or has not had a gastric fever."

"I mean to go and vote," said Colonel Barker. And vote he did, and the new rule was thrown out; but before he left his house this most courteous colonel and devoted husband had an interview with his check-book, and presented Mrs. Barker with a draft for thirty pounds. "There, my dear, I dare say Cox will honor that, and now be sure you are quite tidy on the 1st of June, when we go down to the Carltons."

"Never was such a husband!" said Mrs. Barker, as she followed him with longing eyes down Petersburg Place, or Moscow Road, or Kosuth Crescent, or some of the many places, roads, and crescents which make Paddington a terror to benighted diners-out, and a fruitful source of overcharging to extortionate cabmen.

In a very short time the gallant colonel hailed an omnibus which took him to the Regent Circus; but before he climbed into it, he said more than once: "There never was such a wife as mine! What a lucky man I was when I married Mrs. Barker at Benares!"

How we wish that Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram could only read this story and lay it to heart! Perhaps we ought to say, "Mrs. Marjoram alone;" for, as we have seen, Mr. Marjoram would have been in all likelihood still "sweet" Marjoram, had he been married to a woman as fitted to make him happy as Mrs. Barker had proved herself to be by a long course of devotion to Colonel Barker.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE STRANGE FRIEND.

IT was finally decided they should be married on Christmas-day. There were several good reasons for this decision. Hildebrand came of age that day, for one thing, and into possession of an independent little income; and to have the three anniversaries—his majority, their marriage, and Christmas—all come together, that would be delightful! Moreover, as Margaret sweetly said, looking up into her lover's face with frank yet shy blue eyes, what so appropriate present could they make to each other as the final surrender of themselves into one another's keeping?

For Margaret and Hildebrand were ideal lovers; unless, that is, misfortune and suffering be considered an indispensable accessory to their condition. Of these they had experienced nothing, nor was the prospect before them less sunny and inviting than the past. They seemed a living argument against those who maintain pain and struggle to be requisite for the soul's development. They had known each other from childhood; no bar had ever been placed between them; they loved one another devotedly, and never quarrelled; they were as free from faults and follies as it often falls to the lot of human beings to be. To see them was enough to make one believe in the entire practicability of establishing a new Garden of Eden, and upon a trustworthy foundation, too.

But to return to the marriage. Besides the reasons already adduced for making it a Christmas festival, there was yet another which, in the minds of the young people, probably outweighed all the rest. Many years before—many, that is, in proportion to the entire number of which Margaret and Hildebrand could give account—there had been a friend who shared their sports and studies with them, and who heartily loved and was beloved by his companions. He was eight or nine years older than they, a boy of ardent temperament, but merry and good-humored, quick of apprehension, and of superior intellect and organization. As can easily be imagined, he was the confidant and adviser *par excellence* of both the younger people, who regarded his sayings as oracular and his proceedings generally as in a manner superhuman. His attitude toward them had been that of an elder brother, though more intimate and influential than if such had in reality been his relation. Being of an upright nature, he had never abused his power; but they always felt as if it were in great measure due to his countenance and assistance that the love which now possessed their hearts had been taught to thrive and blossom.

Nine years before the present date, this admirable individual, being then in the neighborhood of twenty years of age, had conceived it incumbent upon himself to go forth and make his fortune. To this end he had sought and obtained a situation as junior clerk in a great tea-company, and, having bidden his young *protégés* farewell, had sailed from their sight across the Pacific Ocean, and since then had only made himself known by means of frequent and eagerly-devoured letters. He rapidly attained wealth in his business, travelled in Asia, and resided in Europe; was for a time an important member of a diplomatic mission, and in general made himself familiar with men and manners of every description. Finally, having, in the absence of new worlds to conquer, bought an estate and established a household in the Sandwich Islands, he resolved, before settling down there for the rest of his life, to revisit America, see his friends Margaret and Hildebrand, and, if possible, carry them back with him to share the luxuries of his home.

"I shall leave Honolulu," said his letter, "in the early part of November, and shall expect to reach you shortly before Christmas. Look out for the arrival of the steamer *Golden Guest* at San Francisco, and expect me, dead or alive, three weeks thereafter. You may as well begin killing the fatted cattle and poultry at once, and picking raisins for the plum-puddings; for, remember, I come to you with a nine-years' fast from American delicacies, and a digestion which is still in excellent repair. To tell the truth, I've had a weary time of it since leaving you, and am resolved the separation shall last no longer. When I return to my paradise—for I can call it by no other so appropriate name—I mean to take you with me. No place in your world can compare with this. To be sure, we have volcanoes, and a certain silent epidemic which kills in a night and leaves no sign. These, however, are but additional attractions; for who would not choose, when the hour of death comes, to go at once, and

without the fears, regrets, and misgivings that are bred of a lingering dissolution?"

But we will follow this rambling epistle no further. Hildebrand and Margaret read nothing else for weeks. And it was the expected arrival of this friend which formed in their minds the crowning argument for a Christmas-wedding.

Near the borders of Western Massachusetts and New York, amid motionless and lofty hills, stands to this day the mellow old country-house in which Hildebrand lived.

It was one of a thousand for a Christmas merry-making. Gray and weather-beaten without, the interior was warm and homelike; massive oaken beams divided the low ceilings of the large rooms; the great fireplaces were brown with the smoke of a thousand smouldering logs; the stalwart kitchen was a world in itself, and a jovial one; the shadowy chambers, with their Titanic bedsteads, were the paradise of ghosts and goblins; the enormous barn, sweet with breath of cows and hay-lofts, was an El Dorado of hide-and-seekers and blind-man's-buffers. Nor were the immediate surroundings less delightful. To the southward, at an easy distance, lay a clear-eyed pond, which in winter hardened its unruffled surface into ebony ice, such as elevates skating into the sphere of poetry; while a little to the northward sloped an ideal coasting-hill more than half a mile in available extent. In short, the best of feeling prevailed between the old house and the natural and elemental surroundings among which it had so long existed. The rough hearts and boisterous tempers of Rain and Wind, Snow and Frost, grew soft and tractable in their sports with this time-honored piece of architecture.

"Merry Christmas!" roared the wind, whispered the snow, cracked the ice; and the diamond-latticed eyes of the old house glowed and glistened a hearty response, and half a dozen wide-mouthed chimneys breathed forth a fragrant satisfaction.

Late in the afternoon of Christmas-eve, Hildebrand and Margaret sat together in the deepest of the bay-windows, half hidden by the generous curtains, head over ears in a lovers' talk. They were big with the sweet self-importance which comes on the wings of young married life, prospective as well as actual. Their love seemed to them to burn in the centre of all things—illuminating, warming, and perfuming the world until it became a paradise. For them the earth turned more gently on her axis, and moved in a fairer orbit; the setting sun sank so splendidly among his clouds, and shone so superbly on the crimson curtains for their sake; it was for their delight that a rosy-cheeked boy ploughed his whistling way through the snow; that the bells jingled so merrily as the greengrocer's sleigh slid past; that the evening postman came up with so brisk a step, and rang with so invigorating a ding. If only Mortimer were here, all would be perfect. This was the last day before the marriage; what could be keeping him? Ah! here is a letter; perhaps—yes, it is from him, and bears date of November 4th.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN: I sail to-morrow; this letter will go on the same steamer as myself, and will arrive but a few hours, at most, before I do. I'm all well, but anxious to get away, for the epidemic I spoke of has appeared here, and is quite busy. Till we meet, then, farewell.

"Your loving

"MORTIMER."

"Do you suppose we shall recognize him?" asked Margaret, thoughtfully, when the first expressions of joy and expectation were over.

"Of course we shall," asserted Hildebrand, positively, as became his sterner sex. "He'll be a good deal changed, though, won't he?" he added, a moment after, forgetting his dignity in the dependence of a lover. "Imagine him thirty years old! how queer!"

"But think how terribly wise he'll be," pursued Margaret; "we used to think him the most accomplished person in the world before he went away; but I really believe I shall be afraid of him now."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear," said Hildebrand, with a superior smile; "I don't think either you or I need be afraid of anybody."

"And shall we go back with him to his paradise, as he asked us to do?" further demanded Margaret.

"Well—perhaps we may; who knows? But then, you know, wherever we go we shall be in paradise."

That remark obtained him an angelic kiss, the delicious and potent effect of which, on both giver and receiver, precluded, for a



while, the possibility of words. Margaret gazed out across the snow with her tender blue eyes, and Hildebrand sat watching her, and thinking how much he loved her, and how life would be a blank without her. If she were to be taken from him, all light and happiness must go with her. But why should he imagine such things? Had he no more confidence in Providence than that? Did he not know that God would never be so cruel as to deprive him of the society of the woman he loved—especially at this time of their lives? Certainly he did know it! He now looked at her with a reassured glance, but noticed that her eyes were full of tears. When love is in supreme command, the heart and sensibilities are more tenderly alive to the influence of thoughts and things, and therefore more prone to sadness, than at any other epoch; and it often happened, with no apparent reason, that Margaret had passing moments of melancholy. Hildebrand did not understand them, nor altogether approve of them, but was generally wise enough not to meddle.

But, when she became conscious that he was observing her, Margaret hastened to hide her face on her lover's shoulder; and, after a while, made known the cause of her tearful eyes.

"I was thinking, dear, when we go to the real paradise, shall we meet and know each other there as we do now?" In her opinion, no problem was too profound for her Hildebrand's wisdom to solve. He settled this at once.

"Certainly we shall, my darling," he replied, rapidly and emphatically. "Why, what a question!"

"But will you love me then? and shall I be your own wife, as I am to be here?"

"I suppose so, of course; but what's the use of speculating about such things, Gretchen? isn't it enough that we love each other, and are to be married here?"

"Ah! but, Hildebrand," said Margaret, lifting her dewy face from his shoulder, and looking him in the eyes, "suppose that I were to die to-night—before our marriage? Could you be content with such love as has already been between us in this world, and the belief that I was loving you in heaven, and would be yours when you came there?"

Hildebrand turned his face away. He possessed, probably, the practical common-sense which renders the majority of men averse to entertaining these theories of delicate tissue and improbable application, which women, from their more emotional and affectional constitution, are prone to indulge in. He loved Margaret with all his heart, he told himself, and it was not his business, at the present time, to trouble himself about any thing further. He felt, perhaps, a little irritated that Margaret, as well as himself, was not too utterly absorbed in their existing welfare to think of possible misfortune; for was not the event she had spoken of the worst possible of misfortunes? So he turned his face away, and looked down the avenue to the high-posted stone gate. It was already becoming dusk, and he was not quite sure whether or not he saw a figure approaching up the path. At any rate, it was a good chance to turn the conversation, so he started to his feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove! I believe there's Mortimer now!"

"Oh, where?" cried Margaret, in a trembling voice, and turning quite pale with excitement, following with her eyes the direction in which Hildebrand was pointing. And now there was no longer any doubt about the matter. With a fur cap on his head, and muffled in a thick cloak, the figure came striding swiftly toward the house. Hildebrand, regardless of deep snow and low slippers, rushed out of the door and down the avenue, to meet and welcome the long-expected guest; while Margaret stood fluttering and flushing in the doorway, half frightened at herself for being so glad to see this great, dark, strange man, half scolding herself for feeling so frightened at meeting her own and Hildebrand's dearest friend. The latter, meanwhile, arm-in-arm with her lover, had by this time come up to where she was standing; she commanded her emotions sufficiently to hold out her hands and say, "Dear Mr. Mortimer—" and then he cut her short by stooping down and kissing her on the forehead. At the same moment an icy gust of wind came hurrying up from behind, striking her right in the bosom and piercing her to the very core. It seemed almost as if it had emanated directly from the heart of the new-comer. Hildebrand seemed to feel it too; there was none of the usual ruddy color in his cheeks, and a shiver ran through him, though his expression was joyful and triumphant. Their friend alone appeared impervious to the keen weather; his dark countenance now lighted up

with the genial sentiments of the moment, showed no signs of being pinched with cold, nor was there any evidence of discomfort in his warm, deep voice.

"Come in! come in!" cried Hildebrand; "we'll all be frozen to icicles, if we stand here.—Run in, Gretchen! Why, you look as if you'd been lying in the snow all night!—Come, Mortimer, you must be as cold as death; let's get round the fire, and I'll make a good, hot punch, and we'll sit up and talk till morning. We have no end of things to tell you!"

Accordingly, the three friends entered the warm parlor, and sat down around the ample fireplace—the guest between the two lovers—and Hildebrand brewed the punch, while conversation flickered, like the light of the burning logs, from one to another. It often happens that, when we anticipate saying most, we find the least to say; and so in the present instance; or, perhaps—because in a meeting like this, however well imagined and looked forward to, there is always something of strangeness and unexpected diffidence to be overcome—perhaps it was for this reason that there was more silence than words between the three for the first quarter of an hour. Nevertheless, the lovers could feel that they were every moment growing into sympathy and intimacy with their old new friend, and even more rapidly and satisfactorily than would have been possible through the medium of speech. He seemed to diffuse a gentle and winning influence without effort, and even without apparently being conscious of it, but which was really quite irresistible. By-and-by they thought they had never before known him so well as now, though they felt also that he was no longer the same Mortimer who had bidden them farewell nine years before. The impetuous and merry-natured boy was gone; but there was a wise and tender manliness, a broad and deep humanity, making itself felt in the visitor's manner and aspect, and through his few, well-uttered words. Hildebrand and Margaret thought that never, in all their lives, had they met one of experience so vast, of mind so great, of nature so noble and charitable. They looked up to him, and were more than ever inclined to confide to him every secret of their lives.

Yet the power he held over them was not due in any degree to superior age. There was in him all the vigor and fire of youth. His figure was light and symmetrical, and yet majestic; his movements easy and graceful, yet imposing. The curve of his lips, and ever and anon a sudden kindling of the eyes, showed no torpid soul nor sluggish temper. His bearing was most captivating, full of gentle sprightliness and life, so that it was impossible not to feel hopeful and light-hearted in his company; but in every thing he said or did were visible the traces of a grand and absolute self-control.

"You don't know how glad we are you got here in time," said Hildebrand; "I don't believe we should have thoroughly enjoyed our wedding if you hadn't been here to assist. We began to be afraid, at last—you were so long in coming—that you wouldn't arrive at all."

"Oh, I'm always sure to be on hand at the right time," observed their friend, with a particularly sunny smile. "It would be a sad business if I were not. Not that I always come when I am most welcome, by any means. I am any thing but a general favorite in society. I have had a very large experience of men and things; have been in all sorts of places, and seen all sorts of people, and almost every one calls me abrupt and unceremonious. And, doubtless, I often seem so; but I trust it is no more than seeming; mankind are not always wise or far-sighted enough to appreciate at the moment things that may be for their best advantage in the long-run. And, since it would be impossible for me to appear agreeable to every one, I am obliged to make myself impartially unwelcome."

"I don't see how you could ever be unwelcome anywhere!" exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure," she added, timidly, looking across to her lover for sympathy, "you could not choose a time to visit us when we should not feel it happiness to receive you; though, as Hildebrand says, no time could be quite so fitting as this. I wish you were a minister, and could marry us! I don't know why, but somehow I feel as if that would make our marriage more beautiful and indissoluble, and give it a deeper signification." Margaret, who had been carried away by the earnestness of her feeling, stopped, blushing, and with a beating heart.

The guest turned upon her his strong, unfathomable eyes, with a grave smile in them. "If your idea of marriage is so high as I take it to be," he said, "you will not need my help to make it higher."

Whoever believes in great things, is pretty sure to meet with them in life; and, unfortunately, the reverse is also true. Imagination is very apt to harden into reality, in these matters. However, I came here intending to promote your married happiness as much as I could, and to that end I propose, as you know, to take you back with me to paradise."

"But not just yet," interposed Hildebrand, laughing; "it's a long and a cold journey; and for the present, I think, I should prefer staying by this comfortable fire."

And, truly, the old parlor presented a most attractive aspect. The great log, which had been burning on the broad hearth, had now fallen into glowing fragments, on which little flames danced intermittently, casting the shadows of the three friends back on the opposite wall; those of Margaret and the visitor, however, being mingled into one, while Hildebrand's, quite separate from the others, went through the most grotesque gesticulations and contortions, as if in a paroxysm of grief and entreaty. Out-of-doors the stars shone crisp and white, and the snow glistened with a lustre as pure as a maiden's soul. But, then, it was so terribly cold! One could appreciate and enjoy the beauty of the prospect much better from the vantage-ground of the comfortable parlor. Certainly, Hildebrand's preference was a natural and sensible one. Yet the guest did not seem entirely satisfied with it. He turned to Margaret.

"And what do you think upon the subject?" he asked, gently. "Are you, too, willing to postpone paradise for the fireside?"

Margaret was imaginative, as most young girls are, especially on the eve of marriage; and she was also of quick and delicate apprehension. She saw the meaning hidden beneath the outwardly simple question, and fell easily into the vein of fanciful allegory which the questioner had initiated. Indeed, as she spoke, it seemed to her that her friend had expected no material interpretation of his words. Insensibly, he had become invested in her mind with the halo of an unearthly, superhuman personality. He was a man no longer, but an angel of tender and mighty sympathy, stooping from heaven on the eve of Christmas, to hold high argument with two mortal lovers on what most nearly concerned their welfare. Doubtless, there was something in the shadowy mystery of the hour, and in Margaret's physical as well as mental condition, which was responsible for this half involuntary conception of her brain. A creeping languor, and feebleness, and an increasing chill, which the torrid warmth of the glowing embers could not counteract, were gradually gaining possession of her, and made her voice faint and ethereal.

"It's pleasant to be here," she said, while her eyes sought to penetrate the shadow which had fallen upon Hildebrand's face; "yet if, in paradise, our union may be eternal and secure, it is surely better to be there."

"Come, then!" said the other, rising up and taking Margaret by the hand. But Hildebrand, whose brain had not been the prey of fantastic hallucinations on the subject of the guest, broke in here with some asperity.

"What is all this madness about?" said he. "Are you going to paradise and leave me behind? I should call that separation rather than eternal union; for I have no idea of starting yet awhile.—Come, don't be absurd, my dear Margaret; it's time enough to talk about spiritual love, and all that sort of thing, when we've found out what married life on earth is like. Sit down again, and be sociable!"

Common-sense is so often right, that it is little wonder its disciples should believe it equal to any emergency whatever. Some mysteries there are, however, which its geometry can never solve; and then the alternatives are blindness or demoralization. When Hildebrand spoke, he had perfect faith that the next moment would see Margaret reseated in her chair by the fire, and their guest also in his place, and every thing as it was before. But Margaret did not answer, and Hildebrand could scarcely distinguish her figure in the darkened room. Only the low, reverberating tones of the strange friend sounded in reply.

"Margaret must go with me," he said; "and, for a time, you must remain here by your fireside. Marriage in this world you can never know; but, if you have loved and been beloved, then the memory of what has been, and the faith in what will be, will render this separation a dream and an unreality. Therefore be content!"

"And who are you?" cried Hildebrand, fiercely, starting to his feet; "who dares speak of parting her and me?"

Perhaps, even as he spoke, he was conscious of who the awful visitor might be; but, such was the vehemence of his sudden surprise

and anger, that, in the first wild moment, he was ready to defy Omnipotence. A demon of rebellion rioted at his heart, prompting him with specious arguments and plausible suggestions. Was he not a human being? Then, why should he give up human joys without a murmur? For what purpose was he created with passions—senses—with flesh and blood? That he might pass his life in hunger and thirst for what he was forbidden to attain? Why should his Margaret be snatched from him before his true and faithful love had attained its consummation? Was it all to go for naught, to turn to dust and ashes? And for this loss, this sacrifice, what recompense was offered? A misty possibility—an indefinite surmise—nothing! No, no! it was unjust, tyrannical; not to be asked, nor borne! He looked up, and spoke defiantly; but, when that mighty and majestic gaze met his own, Hildebrand's eyes fell, though the demon was unconquered still.

"It is not I who part you," came the reply. "There is but one power that can part lovers, and that is lack of faith. Upon yourself alone, therefore, does it depend whether your union be mortal or immortal."

"How so? is death, then, nothing?" demanded the other, sullenly.

"I am the friend of all those who will receive me as such," answered the voice; "and who that has loved truly does not know that Death is Love's closest and most faithful ally? What would be human love, were it not for death? or why should there be death, were it not for human love? We are brothers, nor could one exist without the other. And you—if death seems to you separation—have never truly loved!"

The room grew darker, and the fire was cold. Hildebrand's brain seemed a flame; his heart, ice. He stretched forth a hand, seeking to grasp Margaret's, but clutched what seemed a little lump of snow; it melted in his clasp, and she was vanishing away. Death was drawing her to himself; but he laid not hold of Hildebrand, and he knew that he was left behind. In a paroxysm of rage, despair, and entreaty, he fell on his knees, and flung out his arms wildly. The resemblance to the prophetic shadows cast by the firelight was now complete. The demon of mistrust had triumphed. He chuckled in Hildebrand's ear, "You never truly loved her!"

He was a man, with faults and virtues like unto his fellows. For him the true perception and appreciation of the highest truths and principles must come through experience and trial proportionately bitter and severe. Well is it if the stubborn human heart relents and opens to conviction before it is too late. But, except there have been, in the past, some noble deed, some generous sacrifice, some sublime passion, to soften and render gracious man's reluctant nature, small indeed must be the hope of redemption! Had Hildebrand, then, no such leaven to help him?

The demon's whisper in his ear had roused every faculty of mind and soul into maddest action; every atom of good as well as evil was now awake, and at terrible and deadly war within him. Was all his past life a lie, and all the future to be a blank? That was the simple yet awful question which was now to be decided forever. So mighty a contest can, from its very nature, be but of short duration; it is consumed with its own fire. And so, before the strange friend and the maiden had quite departed, and while Hildebrand was still upon his knees, the great battle had been fought and won.

How was the victory decided? A beneficent star, which had long been moving forward on its orbit to meet this moment, sent its soft light through the diamond-paned window, and found that an ineffable and joyful peace had illuminated poor Hildebrand's lately-tortured visage. The devilish doubt in the truth of his love for Margaret was gone. The unmistakable conviction of its reality transfigured him with a glorious triumph. He had solved, at last, the mystery of the strange visitor.

"Take her, friend!" he cried, in a voice rich and sweet with a deeper than earthly happiness. "So infinite is my love, that not in this world, nor with this mortal body, can I give it fit and full expression!"

The star moved onward, and Hildebrand alone occupied the old parlor. Christmas-bells were now ushering in what was to have been his marriage-day; but, like their sweet notes, his mortal hopes had been caught up to heaven, but were not lost there. It is many years since then, yet every Christmas the returning star has seen the same expression of ineffable peace upon the face, that it cast its radiance over so long ago. No brooding loneliness or want of faith has turned it into gloom.

This is the whole story, and, if there is a mystery in it, one can explain it as well as another. Mortimer, the friend of the lover's childhood, never left the shores of Honolulu. When the Golden Guest sailed in the morning, he was dead; stricken down in the night by the silent epidemic of which he had written in the note<sup>a</sup> announcing his intended arrival. The note, however, reached its destination, as we know; and, if we must be matter-of-fact, it is more than likely that it brought with it some subtle, contagious poison, breathed into it by the writer, which acted with fatal rapidity upon Margaret's delicate constitution, while Hildebrand's more robust organization was not affected.

But who was the mysterious guest, and why did he bear the likeness of him whom, more than all others, Hildebrand and Margaret loved? That is a question which no one can answer better than he who asks it. But, since a time will come for all of us when this mighty personage must be encountered, and since, in that hour, it invariably happens that the utmost human efforts and precautions prove useless and unavailing for our preservation or relief, it will surely be well to hope that that face, which, perhaps, must be awful, may not also be that of a stranger whom we know not, and whose heart is cold toward us. At that time, more than any other, would it be pleasant to discover in him, who must be the guide of our journey and the herald of our entrance into a new society, the well-known and loved features of one whom our previous life had made our most secure and intimate friend.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## THE SIMPLON ROAD OVER THE ALPS.

WHEN Napoleon led his army over the Alps (May, 1800), by the St. Bernard Pass, he realized the necessity of a military road over these mountains, and more especially in view of his developing plans for incorporating Italy in the empire of France. The Simplon route was the most feasible which his knowledge of the Alps suggested, and he determined to construct a road upon this line, and make it worthy alike of his growing ambition and comprehensive aims. It was a French enterprise, commenced and carried into execution for objects exclusively French; but, if he had left no other monument than this, it would have rendered his name memorable in the records of human genius. After the battle of Marengo, which speedily followed his arrival in Italy, he resolved to enter immediately upon the work. It was commenced on the Italian side in the year 1800, on the Swiss side in 1801, and completed in 1806, at an expenditure of eighteen million francs.

Before Napoleon's time, the St. Bernard Pass had been traversed by Roman legions. Cæcina (A. D. 69) crossed with an army by this route from the Swiss side to Aosta, to aid the Emperor Vitellius against Otho. In the year 359, Constantine II. caused improvements to be made in its most difficult places, thus indicating its continued use for military purposes. Charlemagne, in 773, sent an army of thirty thousand men into Italy by this route; and Frederick Barbarossa an expeditionary force in 1366. A still older and favorite route of the Romans to the Danube, was by the Brenner Pass, through the Tyrolean Alps, going north from Verona. The Splügen Pass was also known to the Romans, but its difficulties made it impracticable for military expeditions. Neither of the routes over the Alps used in the Roman period was in any proper sense a military road. The first of the kind was the Simplon National Road, constructed by Napoleon.

The initial point of this road, on the Italian side, was at Arona, near the foot of Lake Maggiore, where a marble slab in the centre of the street, inscribed "Sito Imperatore," still marks the place in which Napoleon placed a stake to indicate the point of its departure. On the Swiss side it terminated at Brieg, in the valley of the Rhone, to which place a road up the Rhone Valley from Martigny had previously been constructed. At this point the ascent of the Alps commences. It is now used as a diligence-road from Sierre, which is below Brieg, to Arona, a distance of about a hundred miles.

Geneva is the usual starting-place on this route to Italy, although tourists, coming from Germany by way of Basle, reach the Lake of Geneva at Vevay, and go thence by rail to Sierre. It will be the object of this article to give some account of this road, as tested by a recent ride from Geneva to Milan, using a narrative form, which is best adapted to the subject.

We left Geneva by the early morning train, to gain a few hours' rest at Sierre, as a preparation for a diligence-ride of twenty-four hours—a judicious precaution, as the journey is one of no slight fatigue. Those who delight in mountain scenery will have an earnest of what awaits them on the higher Alps, in the grand panorama of the Mont Blanc range, which is afforded near Lausanne. It is a better view, in some respects, of Mont Blanc and its associate peaks, than can be had at Geneva, or elsewhere upon the lake. Although sixty miles distant toward the south, they rise in towering magnitude, their jagged sides and snow-clad summits forming an impressive picture of solitude and desolation. The railway passes through Lausanne, Villeneuve, and Montreux, upon the north bank of the lake, each of which, from beauty of situation, is peculiarly attractive to American and English visitors, who resort thither in large numbers in the summer months. It also passes the Castle of Chillon, rendered famous by Lord Byron's poem on "The Prisoner of Chillon." The Rhone, although a mountain-stream of no great length, passes a large volume of water into the Lake of Geneva, and becomes a stream of some magnitude after flowing out of the lake and gathering the waters of numerous tributaries on its way to the Mediterranean. There is but little to attract attention in the Rhone Valley, from the lake to Sierre, except the increasing altitude of the overhanging mountains, which wear an inhospitable aspect, and impart to the valley a tinge of their chilly atmosphere. Sierre, situated in the midst of the mountains, is but little more than a diligence-post; and yet the traveller looks upon it with a friendly interest, as it seems to exist for hospitality. It remains associated in his memory with a mountain journey, as picturesque and inspiring as imagination could desire.

The diligence leaves Sierre twice daily, in the morning and at night, so that a part of the journey must be performed at night, whichever hour of starting is chosen. We preferred leaving at night, as the night-diligence would reach Brieg at four o'clock in the morning, and thus commence the ascent but a little time before daylight. Shortly before eleven, the passengers gathered at the station to see their luggage on board, and to take coffee, as the last act of preparation. There were enough to fill three diligences, besides an omnibus-load, who went as far as Brieg, to wait until the following morning. At eleven o'clock we were ready to start, well shawled and provisioned, with the stars shining brightly overhead, giving fair promise of a pleasant night and a clear morning, both of which were essential to a full appreciation of the scenery upon this Alpine road.

There is one apartment in a diligence, the *coupé*, which has marked advantages; and, to show precisely what they are, this unique vehicle must be described. It is a coach of unusual size, containing two body compartments, and a third but open seat for two persons upon the top over the boot. In all respects it is strongly and artistically constructed, and superbly upholstered. The *coupé* is the front compartment, mostly over the fore-wheels, but resting on easy springs. It has one seat wide enough for three persons, with a bay-window in front, containing three glasses, and a window with a glass on either side, thus uniting the advantages of roominess, exclusiveness, and the command of the horizon, except toward the rear. The *coupé* is the favorite part of the diligence. Back of it, and on the same level, is the central or main compartment, resting in part on the hind-wheels. It has two seats facing each other, and carries six persons. Those who ride backward have the poorest opportunity for mountain-scenery, and those who occupy the back seats are restricted to side-views. Behind this compartment is the boot for portmanteaus and small parcels, and over this is the *banquette*, having a leather hood for protection against the weather, but open in front. The front view from this aerial seat is somewhat obstructed by the mountain of baggage over the body of the coach, but the upward and side views are good. The driver is perched upon an iron-framed seat projecting from the top of the *coupé*; while upon the roof of the latter are two open-air seats for such adventurous persons as choose to brave the chilly atmosphere and taste the clouds, to win an unobstructed view of Alpine scenery. Over the central compartment is an open box, a part of the solid framework of the coach, in which trunks are set on end until it is completely filled, after which it is covered with an oil-cloth. The coach is furnished with a drag-chain to lock one wheel, and with an iron shoe for another to rest in, upon steep descents, both of which are permanently attached and used at times. This ponderous vehicle, with accommodations for thirteen passengers and their luggage, besides the driver, is the diligence. It looks abnormal with



its double body, its second story, the banquette, and its excessive load; but it is handsomely finished, rests on easy springs, and is luxuriously cushioned. Upon such a road as the Simplon, and with the splendid horses used on this line, it is by no means a poor exchange for a railroad car.

At eleven o'clock we left Sierre, with four fine horses, at a good rate of speed, and soon found ourselves rolling along a smoothly-graded, macadamized road, without a rut or sunken spot, and having its sides defined by short stone posts set at intervals of eight or ten feet. The strong coach-lights illuminated the road, and glistened upon these posts for some distance ahead; and, as we were so fortunate as to secure the coupé, we enjoyed for a time the splendid movement of the trimly-built, well-conditioned horses, whose measured tread exhibited their training to the road; and the music of the bridle-bells, so enlivening in a ride by night. Along the valley of the Rhone, which the road follows as far as Brieg, the ascent is slight; but still it is continually rising to a higher level. Forest-trees border the road, with an occasional avenue of Lombardy poplars. In the starlight, the general features of the route could be dimly discerned, and not much beyond. At times the road passed along the borders of a precipice, which was made apparent by the excavated passage, and the wall bordering it upon the descending side, and also by the glimpses obtained of the abyss below. On reaching the second station, the diligence halted until the others arrived. This is the rule of the road, that in case of need assistance may be sent back to relieve the disabled. From each station they start together, under the supervision of a conductor, who accompanies the train. At the second station, five horses were harnessed in, two wheel-horses, and three ahead, side by side; and, at the third station, the same number. The diligence moved on at the same rapid rate, walking, here and there, where the ascent was steep, until Brieg was reached at four in the morning. As we were now far in the mountains, the October air was chilly, but not sufficiently cold to penetrate overcoats and blankets. The ride thus far had been perfectly comfortable. A cluster of stone barns, a coffee-house, and a few tenements, made up the Alpine village of Brieg, which, apart from the necessities of the diligence company, would have no occasion to exist.

At this point, as elsewhere stated, the ascent of the Alps commences. It is likewise the real commencement of the Simplon Road. Seven horses were now harnessed in, the first five as before, and two ahead, as leaders. The rope by which the forward span pulled was attached to the tongue, and passed between the outside animal on the right and the one in the middle. This rendered a postilion necessary to drive the leaders, to keep them to the right of the centre, that the rope might not rasp the middle horse. He drove them without lines, and, so well did they keep their position and bearing, that it was evident they had been trained to this particular manner of keeping the road. Throughout the fourth stage the horses walked, and in some places tugged with all their strength, so great was the ascent and so heavy the drag. If there is one place better than another to observe the graceful movements, the sustained patience, the faithful exertion of strength of that wondrous creature the horse, it is the coupé of a diligence. Unquestionably the noblest of the inferior animals, endowed with remarkable beauty of form, great physical strength, courage, and activity, he also possesses a gentle and sensitive nature, which is capable of high development. Inasmuch as the horse is chained, without the possibility of respite, to the car of civilization, and so permanently enslaved to the will of man, there is no act of meanness and depravity which can transcend abuse or savagery inflicted upon this non-resistant and most useful attendant of mankind.

The scenery upon the road now became highly picturesque as it wound around the shoulders of the mountains, upon the steep slopes of which it was constructed. It was formed by blasting down and levelling the rocks wide enough for a road-bed, and walling up the outer side where necessary, superadding a balustrade or parapet wherever the descent was precipitous. Day began to dawn before the fifth station was reached. It came in slowly and gloomily through the clouds which now enveloped the mountains, and dragged along their slopes well down into the valleys. Patches of clear sky, however, were visible here and there, a sure indication of a cloudless day. The diligence reached Berisal, the fifth station, at seven o'clock. This, like the other posts, is a cluster of stone barns, with a few houses erected for the necessities of the company. It is five thousand and

eighty-two feet above the level of the sea. Taking on the same number of horses, and stopping only long enough to make the change, the ascent was continued as before. Pine-trees, dwarfed in size, covered the less precipitous slopes. The forest covers this portion of the Alps well toward the summit of its highest peaks, although the trees are thinly scattered and small in size. We were now in the snow, which for a number of days had been spread a few inches deep over the higher Alps, while grapes were still maturing on the vines at their bases. Long stretches of mountains were now visible, with broad chasms between; and the one whose side the road was traversing rose far above, with its summit several thousand feet higher.

One feature of the Simplon Road is the galleries cut through the rock, where no other mode of passage was practicable, and used as tunnels. The first of these on the Swiss side is the Schalbert Gallery, ninety-eight feet long, on the section of the road we were now traversing. It runs through rock, just within the crust, with openings through the exterior side for light, at a point where the slope was too precipitous for an exterior road; in other words, through a chamber excavated within the slope of rock of which the mountain was here composed. Icicles depended from its roof, and were brushed down by the diligence in passing through, while a small stream of water passed over its roof and fell into the abyss below. A mile and a half beyond is another gallery, of different construction, and rendered necessary for a different reason. The road here crosses the path of an inconstant stream flowing from the Kaltwasser Glacier, and also a point where avalanches are of frequent occurrence in winter. After excavating a broad roadway, a gallery of heavy masonry was constructed against the bank for a hundred or more feet in length and arched over with stone. At certain seasons the stream from this glacier overflowed the road, and, congealing into solid ice, filled it up and rendered it impassable. This gallery was designed to pass the stream over its roof into the valley below, and secure an unobstructed passage at all seasons through its chamber.

A national road over such a chain of mountains as this portion of the Alps required many expedients of engineering skill to master its ever-recurring difficulties. After passing the Kaltwasser-Glacier Gallery it became necessary to shift the line of the road from one mountain to another, further progress becoming impossible from the precipitous character of the mountain in advance. At the point of greatest obstruction the opposite mountain approached sufficiently near, by a rise of the bed of the chasm between, to admit of a bridge from one to the other. Crossing this bridge, which consisted of several arches of stone resting on high piers, the direction of the road was reversed and run back nearly parallel with the one left for about a third of a mile, but with an ascending grade, when its course was again reversed. This was repeated a second time, until five lines of parallel road were constructed, the outer of which were within a mile of each other. This is no new expedient for ascending mountain acclivities. A given altitude is to be gained, requiring a given length of road to yield a feasible grade. It is of secondary consequence which way the road runs, or how much it winds, if thereby a reasonably uniform grade is obtained.

Before reaching the sixth station, the summit level of the Simplon Road, the Bernese Alps come into view toward the north. In some respects they present a grander spectacle than any other of the numerous ranges of the Alps. They are seen to the best advantage from the opposite side, as they appear to the spectator from the cathedral terrace at Berne, stretching from the northeast to the southeast. Twenty-nine different peaks, each enjoying the distinction of a name, besides a large number of minor elevations, are there spread out in one vast panorama. Upon the extreme right is the Morgenberghorn, rising 6,937 feet above the level of the sea; upon the extreme left, the Wildgest, 8,850 feet; and about midway, the Finsteraarhorn, 13,250 feet. Between the latter and the first-named mountain, and also midway, is the Jungfrau, the peerless mountain of the Bernese Alps, rising 13,671 feet, and covered with its perpetual crown of snow. On either side are the Silberhorn and the Schneehorn, its attendant peaks, respectively 12,106 and 11,204 feet high. Several of these mountains have sharp, finely-proportioned conical peaks, and rise into conspicuous prominence. Persons unaccustomed to mountain scenery lose at first a part of the elements of the scene. These peaks, which seem but a few miles distant, are in reality fifty or eighty miles away, thus lessening their elevation as well as magnitude. They also rise from the common base of the chain, which is of great breadth as well

as elevation. When these considerations become incorporated in the impression of the scene, a sense of their grandeur and magnitude, as displays of creative power, grows rapidly in the mind. These mountains, articulated with their companions of lower degree in one vast range, present a wonderful spectacle, the sterility and solitude reigning among their peaks rendering it solemn and sublime. Every moment the eye of the observer rests upon this panorama of mountains, a sense of their vastness increases upon his mind, as well as of the power of the forces of Nature exerted in the upheaval of such a mountain-chain.

Between the fifth and sixth stations are the most dangerous passes upon the Simplon Road, at certain seasons of the year, from avalanches, the violence of the winter storms, and the precipitous acclivities along which the road is cut, winding around the mountains high up on their shoulders. Six houses of refuge, as they are well called, have been erected within the distance of as many miles, to afford places of shelter when the progress of the diligence is arrested by accumulated snows. Before reaching the summit a fine view is obtained of the Aletschhorn Mountain and of the Aletsch Glacier in front.

When quite near the summit station we passed the Simplon hospice, or monastery, a long stone building, looking cheerless and dreary in this frigid region of the Alps. It was founded by Napoleon as a refuge and charity to wayfarers over these mountains, and at the time, like Great St. Bernard, it served a useful purpose. It is difficult now to perceive its utility, since the diligence company have erected and provisioned stations at intervals of five or six miles along the entire line of the road, over which their coaches are passing twice daily each way. Travellers no longer have occasion to seek its hospitality, and it seems an act of useless self-immolation for a body of men to drag out a miserable, aimless life in such a dreary place.

Houses of mountaineers are also seen scattered here and there in the most solitary places upon the slopes of the mountains. They are the summer homes of the tourists who in large numbers resort to this point as a desirable one from which to make excursions into the higher Alps. Although occupied only at intervals, and showing no signs of life, as mere evidences of human habitation they relieve the aspect of these mountains.

At ten o'clock the diligence reached the summit station, a short distance beyond the hospice, at an elevation of 6,227 feet above the level of the sea. The sun was shining through the clouds, which shortly before enveloped the higher and more distant mountains, promising to uncover a wide panorama along our descent to the plains of Italy. This summit line of the road is simply a pass far below the peaks of the Alps. They were towering above us on every side. Monte Leone, on the slopes of which the hospice stands, rises 11,697 feet above the sea, as far above the hospice as the latter is above Brig. It was rather passing through Alpine valleys, than over the Alps themselves, by following the depressions created by the eccentric upheaval of this great assemblage of mountain-chains. Taking advantage of the valley in which the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone are found, the road had passed eastward far into the mountains between the Bernese Alps on the north and the Mont Blanc and Walliser ranges on the south, and then, turning southward, had crossed through the higher valleys of the Lepontine range, which lies westward of the Rhetian. For a short distance after commencing the descent, the road was substantially level, but it soon began to descend rapidly. Here, as well as elsewhere, the Simplon is a broad carriage-road, macadamized, smooth, and finely graded, with its sides defined by low posts of cut stone set at short intervals; and, wherever the slope of the mountain-side is precipitous, walled up on the lower side with masonry and guarded with a balustrade of stone. Without a rut or a cavity to disturb the easy motion of the vehicle, it is not only a safe but a national road of the best description. The road now followed a small mountain-stream which issues from the Laquin Glacier, small at first, but constantly increasing in volume. It was soon made apparent that this glacial brook excavated the great channel through the mountains which the road was to follow down to Italy. Between the summit level and the seventh station, the village of Simplon, many fine views of the Alps, and of the great ravines which furrow them in all directions, are obtained. Serrated summits and distant peaks illuminated by the sun appeared in numbers through the open spaces between nearer mountains, while dark shadows overhung the intervening valleys. Fleecy clouds, caught upon the mountain-slopes, enwreathed other peaks far below their summits. A thin covering of

snow was spread over them, and upon the road we were traversing, until the village of Simplon was reached, where the snow disappeared from the road and from the mountain-slopes below. Here the diligence halted, at eleven o'clock, for a late but very acceptable breakfast. Although we had descended a thousand or more feet, and found a marked change of temperature, the winter continues at Simplon for eight months, which is a good index of the climate of this portion of the Alps.

At twelve o'clock, with four horses attached to each diligence (at every other station, save one, not less than five were used), the journey down the mountains was resumed. The Quivera, the name of the stream issuing from the Laquin Glacier, is joined by the Krummbach a mile below Simplon, after which it is called the Veriola, and, lower down it changes its name again to the Diveria. This impetuous stream becomes at certain seasons a mountain-torrent, fed with dissolving snows, and rushes down with great volume and velocity. Its channel is paved with boulders and rocks strewn over a broad surface and piled up in masses, a sure record of its wild work in ages past. The route of the Simplon Road, from the summit to the plains of Italy, was formed by this stream issuing from a glacier, which in the course of myriads of years had excavated the deep and sinuous ravines between the mountains along which it runs. We followed it down until the road reached the level of the plains near its confluence with the Tosa. The descent of the road was now quite rapid, so great, indeed, that it was necessary to lock one wheel and rest the other in an iron shoe, the coach still moving at a rapid rate. Occasionally, where a side-valley came in, the road turned up this valley for a short distance, descended to its bottom, crossed over, and returned upon the other side, to keep equal pace with the descent of the Diveria. After passing through the gallery of Aligabi, similar to the one first described, the road enters the ravine of Gondo, the most picturesque portion of the road on the Italian side. Here the valley widens out into an amphitheatre encircled with mountains, giving an inner circuit of ten miles or more around their bases. It resembles the deep basin of an emptied mountain-lake. At a point diagonally across from where the road enters the basin, the Diveria has cut a cañon through the barrier of mountains to the bottom of its bed, the walls of which rise nearly vertically two thousand feet. After making the circuit and crossing the stream, farther passage was arrested at the mouth of the cañon, the whole of which was occupied by the rapid stream dashing through it. To overcome this obstruction, the gallery of Gondo was tunnelled through the rock, on the left bank, seven hundred and thirty feet in length, at the end of which space for a roadway was found. On the rock over the entrance of the gallery is the following brief inscription: "Aere Italico, 1806. Nap. Imp." It was a suitable place for Napoleon to write his name upon the great work created by his genius, upon the portal of the gallery where most men would have hesitated and then retired from the enterprise. These galleries, however, are the least part of the work, although more strikingly significant of obstacles overcome than the roadway in other places as seen completed. All the way thus far the Simplon Road is a splendid structure, broad, well graded, and in perfect repair. The walls of masonry which border it upon the descending side are, for the most part, unseen, except as revealed by a turn in the road or by a stone parapet rising above them; and yet there are miles of these bordering walls. Rock excavation to a vast extent was also necessary to secure a proper roadway. Neither expense nor labor was spared to make the Simplon in every sense a national road, worthy of its grand object, to surmount the barrier of the Alps and bring the historic seat of the old Roman empire into intimate connection with the remainder of Europe.

Passing through the gallery of Gondo, the road follows a graded way, high above the rapidly-descending stream, blasted through the shelving rocks, and soon reaches the boundary-line separating Switzerland from Italy. A granite column marks the line which assigns the greater part of the Alps to Switzerland, but yet leaves to Italy a wide belt of its southern slopes. Iselle is the eighth station of the company, and the first Italian town, about a mile beyond the boundary-line; and here the formality of a custom-house inspection of luggage takes place.

From Iselle to Domo d'Ossola, the ninth station, there is a broad valley, most of the way followed down by mountains on either side, but subsiding in elevation. The scenery began to change, though still picturesque. At four o'clock in the afternoon the diligence

reached the station. Domo d'Ossola is a thousand feet above the level of the sea. In six hours the diligence had made a descent of five thousand six hundred and twenty-seven feet, including two stoppages of an hour each, which indicates quite plainly the steepness of the Simplon grade. After leaving this station a delightful change of temperature was experienced as the road emerged more and more from the influence of the mountains. The air was soft and warm, and the sky of a deep azure. Sunny Italy! It is a just expression. Italy is a land of sunshine, of abundant fruits and overflowing harvests. The present Italian race are inferior in capacity, and unequal to the severe industrial pursuits which characterize the present age; but they have, at least in past ages, developed high capabilities in architecture, music, painting, and sculpture. The present generation have pleasant, vivacious faces, but appear to be deficient in physical and mental strength. The masses of the people are demoralized and degraded to an extent unknown among the principal European nations. While the limited class of wealthy and prosperous families exhibits reasonably-fair specimens of men and women, the people at large, who are the true exponents of the national condition, tell plainly enough by their personal appearance, and still more conclusively by their daily conduct, the story of their degradation.

There are four other stations before reaching Arona. Near the eleventh the road touches the western shore of Lake Maggiore (forty-five miles long, and in places twenty-six hundred and sixty-six feet deep), one of the largest and most beautiful of the Italian lakes. Along its shore the road runs, for twelve or fifteen miles, through scenery of remarkable beauty, to its terminus at Arona. Spurs of the Alps follow down to the lake and beyond its southern extremity. They do not entirely disappear until Milan is approached, where, in addition to the chain traversed, the Tyrolean Alps, another magnificent chain, come into view, stretching eastward to the Adriatic. The diligence arrived at Arona at eleven o'clock at night, just twenty-four hours after leaving Sierrre. There is so much of interest in the ever-varying and often stupendous scenery upon the Simplon Road that the fatigue of the journey is in a great measure dispelled. At an inclement season of the year, or in unfavorable weather, it might be otherwise. This is one of the chances the traveller expects to meet.

The diligence company must be strongly organized to transport the large number of persons, with their baggage, who enter and return from Italy by this route. Thirteen stations have been mentioned, at two of which four, at two seven, and at the remainder five horses were attached to each diligence, thus requiring sixty-seven horses to transport one, and two hundred and one to take through the three diligences in this single train. As two trips daily are made from each end, twice this number would be needed in the daily service of the company, besides those held in reserve. Their stock of animals was remarkably fine. We did not notice more than half a dozen unfit for the severe service of the road. The conductor and drivers wear the livery of the company, and are respectful to the passengers, as well as attentive to their duties. They also treated their horses with consideration and kindness. It was evident that the company was superbly organized and equipped.

From Domo d'Ossola to Arona the Simplon Road has been extensively improved by the Italian Government. Along Lake Maggiore there is a coping of dressed granite, in large blocks, rising about twenty inches above the level of the road which it borders. Short posts, also of dressed granite, are set at intervals of five or six feet upon both sides of the roadway, to define its exterior lines. They serve a useful purpose at night, when the coach-lights illuminate them for a long distance ahead, and thus enable the horses to keep the road; and, if under snow, they would either stumble the horses or catch the wheels of the diligence, if either were leaving the road. Telegraph poles followed the road from Sierrre to Arona. It was a gratification to see the telegraph, the gift of American genius to civilization, climbing the Alps, and to remember that the world is indebted to our countryman, Professor Joseph Henry, for making the last in the series of great discoveries in electricity which rendered the telegraph possible; and to another countryman, Professor S. F. B. Morse, for the invention of an instrument to propagate alphabetic signals from one point to another, and for the construction of the first telegraph line. In one particular, at least, the Italians have surpassed all other peoples in the construction of telegraph lines. From Domo d'Ossola to Arona posts of dressed granite, about eight inches by four and eighteen feet high, are substituted for poles. These are

set in bases of the same material, equally well finished, which rise about twenty inches above the level of the road, in which they are firmly embedded. Such pillars, bearing telegraph wires, are not elsewhere to be found. Their durability will make them economical.

The Italian people have now recovered their national unity, with encouraging prospects of a new awakening of their national life. They need a commercial and manufacturing element in the kingdom to raise up a class of independent and intelligent men able to reform, their institutions and to extricate the people from the lethargy and ignorance into which they have fallen. The elements of a true national prosperity are not wanting in this favored land; and all nations will rejoice to see the seat of the old Roman race once more conspicuous for power, wealth, and civilization.

LEWIS H. MORGAN.

## THE ESQUIMAUX OF LABRADOR.

IN the summer of 1864 the writer had a rare opportunity of visiting the coast of Labrador, in company with William Bradford, the well-known marine artist. For a month past, our fleet-winged schooner, ill adapted for the dangers of arctic navigation, had been held ice-bound—for several days at Belles-Amours, in the straits of Belle-Isle; also at Henley Harbor, a noble fiord nearly opposite Belle-Isle; and for a fortnight at a little box of a harbor in Square Island, south of the entrance of Hamilton Inlet, or, as it was earlier named, Inouk-toke Bay, where the floe-ice crowded and almost jammed in the sides of our vessel, and for many days formed a natural bridge for us to pass ashore. From the mountains above us we watched, day by day, the ceaseless march of icebergs and cakes, large and small, composing an ice-pack extending, probably a thousand miles or more, from the banks of Newfoundland up to the arctic regions, and perhaps a hundred miles in width (sometimes vessels coming from London strike it two hundred miles off shore), the ice-king occasionally forcing into his ranks a Newfoundland or Nova-Scotia fishing-smack, which was either carried far to the southward, or exposed to the danger of being crushed between immense masses of floe-ice, or foundering, should a storm arise. We had escaped these perils; a fresh westerly breeze forced the ice-pack off shore, leaving a channel, studded with small lumps of ice, between the shore and the ice-floe. Two or three days previous, on the 25th of July, while laid up in a harbor, so very snug and narrow that we had not room to swing by our cable, a snow-storm visited us, leaving drifts a foot deep on the hills rising five hundred to eight hundred feet above us.

Our sail to Hopedale, under these auspices, reminded us of the experiences of arctic voyagers. As we glided along the snow-clad coast, our reveries were often rudely disturbed by a shock and start, as a hard lump of the clearest fresh-water ice jarred our craft from stem to stern. But the sail was a rare one for our yachtsmen. The ice-floe, with its prospective dangers of closing in upon us, should the wind veer around to its favorite quarter—the northeast—walled us in from the open sea beyond. We scud along with two reefs in our main-sail, our vessel under the guidance of an Esquimaux pilot, a boy in the employ of a Norwegian, himself once a subordinate in the Hudson Bay Company. He knows the courses by which to steer, and some of the dangerous rocks in the way; for the rest we trust to luck, since there are no charts of this rock-and-reef-studded coast. As we sail on, the islands and main-land rise higher and bolder from the water, and their outline against the clear northern sky is ragged and broken in the extreme. This wild coast-scenery culminates in the strange, volcano-like, glacier-streaked, jagged mountains of Cape Chudleigh, which we had longed and designed to see, but ice and ignorance of the coast forbade.

As we ran into Hopedale Harbor, situated at the head of a deep, broad bay, we nearly overhauled the Moravian supply-ship *Harmony*, just in from London, having made her annual summer-trip, bearing supplies to the three Moravian stations Hopedale, Nain, and Okkak. She is a bark of three hundred tons, American measurement, and as neatly kept as a naval vessel. For ninety years the London agent of the Moravian Society has sent a *Harmony* to this dangerous coast, losing but a couple of men during the whole period, one of these having been upset in a *kayak*. As our predecessor in these waters nears the station, and before our eyes had fairly distinguished the red roofs of the mission houses, she fired a salute from two nine-pounders, and



we observed her flag drooping at half-mast, conveying the intelligence of the death during the past year of the London secretary, Larobe. The boom of the mission gun answered in reply, with an irregular, rattling volley from the fowling-pieces of the Esquimaux. We noticed the mission flag also at half-mast, as the station had recently lost by death Superintendent Kruth.

We secured good anchorage near the Harmony. A clumsy row-boat, native-built, accompanied by a kayak, brought from the shore the three missionaries and their wives. The Harmony had brought out a missionary, who had been absent two years in the fatherland, and Mr. Linklater, the agent of the Labrador missions. The meeting partook of all the heartiness of the Germans, the brethren greeting one another with a kiss.

The harbor now seemed alive with kayaks, hastening to the bark, and then flying over to our craft. Up they scrambled, swarming over our decks—nothing of the stolidity and apparent self-absorption of the Indian in their faces. These intelligent Esquimaux were fully alive to the beauty of our model and spars, the neatness of our decks, the comforts of our cabin, even to the interior of our swill-buckets; and soon, in the course of the trade that sprang up, our old clothes found their way to their backs and limbs, that seemed lost in them. The tallest Esquimaux just came up to the shoulders of a medium-sized Yankee, and these diminutive folk seemed better fitted for their kayaks and igloos than for the luxuries of vessels and storied houses.

An exodus of sea-worn Caucasians was the result of this *impromptu* visit. We returned the polite attentions of our newly-made friends of the kayaks and igloos, and novel enough were the scenes of that afternoon. Some of us, with intentions of trade in furs and articles of Esquimaux *vertu*, at once, with strings of beads and other stock in trade, struck off for the huts of the natives, and found their match in shrewdness and skill in trade. Others—myself among the number—preferred to take a bird's-eye view of this century-old town. We sauntered through the rows of huts, picking our way through the accumulated filth of decades, and the ancient mud-puddles and quagmires interspersed among the streets, gazing upon the various forms of hideousness which, in a curious mixture of seal-skins, woolen jumpers, duck jackets, red-bordered swallow-tails, and dirty calico gowns, stared and grinned at the new-comers. Aged Esquimaux are not fair to look upon. The patriarch of the place was a woman of seventy years; for old age creeps rapidly on the Inuit matron, and she does not grow graceful or beautiful with age. There were in this colony three women sixty years old. A man forty-five years old is considered aged, as the autumnal seal-fisheries with all their hardships make them prematurely old. The young women and girls, with black hair, coal-black, shining eyes, stuck like beads between their huge, high, plump cheeks, nearly effacing their snub-noses, giggled and grinned a welcome. The natives were at first a little shy of us, but gradually a brisk trade sprang up. We gave them fish-hooks, beads, tobacco and pipes, old clothes, and letter-paper, taking in return seal-skin boots and mittens, skin suits, and ivory models of kayaks, while the naturalists of the party took birds' eggs and other curiosities.

The native huts were thirty-five in number, and a description of one will answer for all, as the dirt, squalor, and architecture, are a characteristic of each and all. They are made of upright logs, turfed on the outside, with cross-logs forming a low roof, pierced for two windows, one in the roof, and of five or six panes each, glazed with the intestines of the seal, while in some the panes were filled with pieces of glass. The interior forms a single room, sometimes tenanted by two families, the tenements separated by a slight partition. At the farther end of the small, low room, which in the better sort of houses is floored over, and was not high enough for us to stand erect in, is a sort of divan or seat, on which *materfamilias* reclines. We make her a bow, rendered low both from courtesy and the height of the door-way of the low, narrow portico, pick our way through two or three sleeping dogs, give a wide berth to a Scylla of a seal's carcass with more than "an ancient and fish-like smell," steer by a strange sort of vesicular Charybdis, in whose urinary contents lies soaking a seal-skin which is destined to be chewed between the grinders of our hostess, as she may design making a pair of seal-skin boots, and the leather has to be thus softened to be easily sewed. Our spectacled hostess is, however, as we enter, engaged in making a basket of dried rushes, colored blue and red. A shelf within her reach contains a soapstone lamp of the pattern described by Dr. Kane, needles, and other articles of housewifery, together with a

well-thumbed Bible printed in the Esquimaux tongue. Indeed, we noticed one in each house, with the name of the owner written in a neat, regular hand; for it must be remembered that these natives are Christianized and taught to read and write. After all, upon reflection, considering their antecedents, their mode of life, and the freedom of arctic regions from noisome exhalations, our dusky friends were passably neat, and their houses perhaps orderly enough. After a three-days' acquaintance, we found the natives quiet and well-behaved, honest in their dealings, of mild, gentle manners, always ready with a smile and a nod. They are remarkably intelligent, quick to learn, and far above the Indians in aptness and industry. They are taught to make boats, and there lay in the harbor a schooner of fifty tons, built and manned by Esquimaux. They also learn to read and write and sing. They seem to be good church-goers, and are probably as free from vice, even of the grosser sorts, as their fellow-Christians in more favored lands, who probably make greater pretensions to piety. But these people, so interesting to the students of fossil tribes whose remains are found in the shell-heaps and caves of the Old World, and to the anthropologist generally, are rapidly passing away, and, before another century goes by, Labrador will probably be depopulated of its Esquimaux. They are even now partly dependent for their supplies on the kindness of their German friends, who in their care for their souls do not neglect the outer man. Consumption sweeps them away, about seventy having perished in the previous March from the three colonies of Hopedale, Nain, and Okkak—twenty-one alone having died at Hopedale, which numbers about two hundred souls. The wars between the Indians and Esquimaux have now ceased. Formerly, the latter extended down to the straits of Belle-Isle, and four summers previous we saw the last full-blooded Esquimaux on the straits—the wife of an Englishman at Salmon Bay, at the mouth of Esquimaux River. She was a bold and skilful hunter, even more successful in shooting seals than the hunters in the neighborhood, and withal a neat, capable housewife.

During the winter they go on lumbering-trips, fifty miles up the rivers, bringing down logs fifty feet in length, and twenty inches in diameter at the butt, a number of which were lying by the mission house. The girls and young women were, in some cases, quite pretty, with a neatly-turned foot, and an instep a queen would be proud of. All seemed industrious, some filling orders for skin suits our party had given, or rubbing up their toys and other salable articles for barter. The men do little more than hunt and fish; but I found that they were very observing, and, through a young man that spoke English, learned some important facts regarding the distribution of arctic animals. He said that the white bear was not unfrequently brought down from the north on the floe-ice, and was seen about the shore during the summer, while the black bear is common in-shore.

Indeed, the flora and the fauna were here intensely arctic. On the hills and rocks about us was the little white sandwort, familiar to those rambling among the rocks of the summit of Mount Washington, with many other truly arctic forms, and the butterflies, moths, and beetles that hovered over them, or ran among their leaves, were the most typical arctic insects.

On showing our interpreter a book with figures of the narwhal and walrus, we learned that one of the older men, when a boy, saw a narwhal off the harbor, indicating that that strange animal, now exclusively confined to the arctic seas, formerly ranged far to the southward, and may, during the glacial period, have been a New-Englander. He also said that the walrus was never seen here. A century ago, however, the walrus lived along the Labrador shore, and our fishermen and whalers exterminated it from the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On showing him a picture of the lobster, he declared that both it and the common shore-crab were not found north of Hamilton Inlet, where he had observed them. The sea-trout is taken here abundantly with the net. This seems to be a truly arctic fish. It was much more abundant than the salmon. The wolverine is not uncommon here. Indeed, this was the border-land between the arctic and boreal flora and fauna, the white bear disputing the proprietorship of the soil with the black, the arctic foxes outnumbering the red, and all the humbler forms of animal life being almost purely arctic, with a small percentage of more southern types. The climate is like that of Greenland, the scenic features of the land are thoroughly arctic, and the ice-laden sea, of a temperature bordering on the freezing-point, is frozen up fully six months in the year.

A voyage of two weeks from Boston or New York will bring one

into these Arctic surroundings. The summer days, when the sky is clear, are warm and delightful, the air is wonderfully invigorating, and a voyage to this coast often does wonders in restoring those afflicted with pulmonary diseases, as well as dyspeptics. When the summers are tolerably pleasant, and the coast free from fogs, yachting in these waters, though somewhat dangerous from the want of charts and pilots, is delightful, and our pleasure-boats will doubtless often push their way up into these hyperborean regions. Curlew-shooting, reindeer-hunts, a possible white bear, salmon-fishing, duck-shooting, and bird's-nesting, will entice them to explore the deep, awe-inspiring firds, the rapid rivers, and the rugged mountains of this picturesque and deserted coast.

But the chapel-bell tolls the hour of evening prayers. We have chatted by the language of fingers and signs, with occasional *elars na-met, apt*, and other interjections, having had no difficulty in conveying our meaning, nor in understanding our host's, and now wend our way to the church. The surroundings about the huts are peculiar. A kayak or two recline on a framework of poles, a bear-skin swings in the breeze on one side of the hut, and, in front of the porch, a string of out and drying codfish perfume the air. We allow our feminine friends to walk on before us, and their gait, originally awkward enough, is intensified by the swinging tails to their jumpers, and the loosely-setting, low-waisted trousers, when the form of the wearer is not fortunate enough to be concealed by a cast-off calico gown. With them, waddling is reduced to a fine art.

Entering the chapel, a wooden, one-storied building, we find the native portion of the audience already seated, the sexes separately, even having entered by a separate door, and the youngest seated in the front row of unpainted benches. Soon file in the missionaries and their wives, and they sit, the sexes apart, on a stoop next the wall, directly facing the native audience, with the pulpit, or reading-desk, dividing the seat. They sit with grave, composed countenances, and among the Esquimaux the utmost reverence for the place and attention to the exercises prevail. The minister makes a short invocation in the Esquimaux language. The organ strikes up, played by an Esquimaux boy, and the minister gives out the number of the hymn in German; the people rise, and the quaint melody of an old-fashioned, droning German hymn, composed, for aught we know, in Luther's time, though set to Esquimaux words, fills the church. All stand up reverently during the singing, and the music is not unpleasant, soothing the senses, and doubtless most beneficent in its effects on these untutored minds. Hymn after hymn is thus chanted for perhaps twenty minutes, all the congregation joining; a short prayer completes the service, and thus ends the day. The audience quietly disperse, retiring in quiet to their homes; the sun has set, the shades of night gather about the hamlet, and, if the inquisitive traveller should in a few minutes perambulate the deserted streets, he would meet only the silence of the midnight, as all are abed and asleep.

The first day of August was a lovely one; the thermometer rose to perhaps 70°, the warm rays of the sun encouraging the mosquitoes unduly, which hovered in swarms about our deserted vessel. Groups of Esquimaux accompanied them, clambering up the sides of the vessel, coming off from shore in boats and kayaks. Kayak races and other aquatic sports were now the order of the day, a plug of tobacco being the highest prize. They handled their kayaks in the most approved style. A favorite sport seemed to be for one to paddle his kayak over the bows or stern of another lying still across his track. Our crew and passengers borrowed the kayaks freely, and some soon learned the use of this frail skiff, so as to paddle ashore and back, a distance of nearly a mile. These kayaks had wooden frames, over which seal-skins were stretched, but they seemed broader and clumsier than those from Greenland. We ventured to paddle about in one, and found it very easy to manage, the principal difficulty being to keep the head steadily pointed in the desired course, as a too-powerful stroke would make her veer from one side to the other. Of course, if one capsizes, he is in a dangerous predicament, as the hole in which he sits closely fits his body, and a tall man could not extricate himself while head downward in the water. The spears and bladder-floats are like those of Greenland.

In fishing, the Hopedale Esquimaux use small nets, with which they take the sea-trout, a fish with large scales, being a compound of the ordinary river and lake trout and the salmon. They catch codfish with the jigger. Though the missionaries have set them an admirable

example in pleasantly-arranged and highly-cultivated gardens, in which quite a number of vegetables were raised with more or less success in this rigorous climate, yet the Esquimaux is no farmer. His sole occupation consists in keeping his family supplied with animal food. The Esquimaux are flesh-eaters, *par excellence*, and a Grahamite would scarcely be tolerated among them. During the summer, if unusually enterprising, he takes his family and travels about with a skin tent, fishing and shooting birds, and occasionally killing a seal or bear. In the autumn and spring, seal-hunting is his exclusive care, though water-fowl and a deer or two may sometimes enliven his monotonous seal-diet, while in the long winter, when the seals are not to be had, and starvation stares him and his family in the face, the kindly aid of his Moravian brethren is invoked.

His family is not usually a large one; the good wife is not blessed with many children in that cold, bleak, harsh climate. Indeed, the days of the Esquimaux in Labrador are numbered. They are rapidly disappearing, victims of desolating wars between themselves and the Indians, of consumption and severe colds, and their own shiftlessness and improvidence. Before another century has passed, the few stragglers living upon this coast will be chiefly interesting to the student of mankind, as relics of a semi-fossil people who figure largely in books on prehistoric times.

A. S. PACKARD, JR.

## THE VALLEY OF ANOSTAN.

[In *Ælian's "Various History,"* book iii., chapter xviii., the following legend, or *parable*, will be found. How vividly it recalls to us the words of the Master, "Unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven!"]

**A**N Orient legend, which hath all the light  
And fragrance of the asphodels of heaven,  
Smiles on us from old *Ælian's* mellowed page;  
And thus it runs, smooth as the stream of Joy  
Whereof it tells, yet with some discord blent,  
Which, hearkened rightly, makes the music true  
To man's mysterious instincts and his fate:

In the strange valley of Anostan dwelt  
The far Meropes, through whose murmurous realm  
Two mighty rivers—one a stream of Joy,  
Divine and perfect; one a stream of Bale—  
Flowed side by side, 'twixt forest shades and flowers  
(Bright shades and sombre, poison flowers and pure),  
Down to a distant and an unknown sea.

On either bank were fruit-trees and ripe fruit,  
Whereof men plucked and ate; but whose ate  
Of the wan fruitage of the stream of Bale  
Went ever after weeping gall for tears,  
Till death did find him; but whose partook  
Of the rare fruitage of that stream of Joy  
Straightway was lapped in such ecstatic peace,  
Such fond oblivion of all base desires,  
His soul grew fresh, dew-like, and sweet again,  
And through his past, his golden yesterdays,  
He wandered back and back, till youth, regained,  
Shone in the candid radiance of his eyes,  
That still waxed larger, holier, crystal-clear,  
With resurrection of life's tenderest dawn  
Of childlike faith; by which illumed and warmed,  
He walks, a half dream, yearning toward a dream,  
Whose name is Infancy. This found at last,  
Gently he passes upward unto God,  
Not through *death's* portal, wrapped in storms and wrath,  
But the fair archway of the gates of birth!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

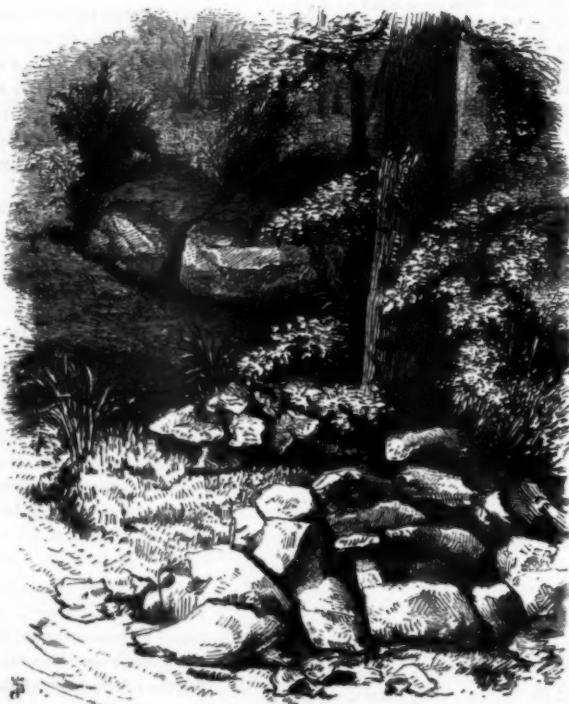
## FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON.

FIRST PAPER.



VIEW OF THE HUDSON, FROM FLAT ROCK, FORT LEE, WITH NEW-YORK CITY IN THE DISTANCE.

AS the traveller passes up the Hudson, he will observe that at a point nearly opposite Carmansville the masses of rock known as the Palisades, which from below Hoboken recede for some distance from the river, and have their bases studded with towns, villages, and country-seats, are suddenly forced apparently to the edge of the stream by a deep and narrow ravine. Thence they approach so close to the water's edge that their columnar wall seems to rise nearly direct from the bed of the river. In the circular bend made by this change of position lies the older village of Fort Lee, formed by about fifty dwelling-houses, an exceedingly uncomfortable school-house, a shakily building that was once a plano-manufactory, a dilapidated barn, and four wharves that seem to have been erected about the time that Charles II. gave to his brother that portion of the New Netherlands now known as New Jersey. This is the original settlement which



WASHINGTON'S WELL.

grouped itself around Berdette's house after the Revolution. The modern portion of the village, embracing the minor hamlets of Coytesville, Taylorsville, Pond Park, and Irishtown, lies upon the summit of the Palisades, and occupies about four square miles. This part contains nearly three hundred and fifty buildings, irregularly scattered over the surface, and fashioned after every style of architecture known to civilization, including some erections that seem to be modelled after the styles of Kamtchatka and Central Africa. The roads and streets are graded and covered in a way that would break the hearts of McAdam and Telford, could either of those famous engineers see them in the flesh. It is said that all shoemakers' children wear mean shoes. On the same principle, Fort Lee, which annually exports to Cuba and elsewhere great quantities of the best material for forming admirable roads, contents itself with having the most irregular,



muddy, stony, and ill-drained avenues of any place that we have ever seen. In this respect, the upper village is a little worse than the lower, and the visitors to the latter who inveigh against the perils of their path are fortunate in never getting over a quarter-mile from the landing; and it is only with the lower village that the public are acquainted. That, to them, is Fort Lee, and no other. It is a great resort for excursionists during the summer. It is reached by means of steamboats running from Spring and Christopher Street docks—steamboats whose owners seem to wage a war as bitter as that between the Montagues and Capulets. It really is a wonder that the public will go in either, since the friends of each line assure them that they risk their purses, their characters, and their lives, if they set their feet aboard the other boat. The runner of one line will assure you that the boat run by the other party is at least a hundred years old, and carries a boiler that was originally used in Noah's Ark, when that vessel first steamed from Nod to Ararat. The other runner will let you know, in strict confidence, that the opposition-boat is built of green timber, and that she always carries fifty pounds of

tween the Americans under Washington and Greene, and the British under Clinton and Howe.

The Palisades, which first show at this point their most striking peculiarity of formation, commence at Bergen Heights, and extend to the New-York line, a distance of about twenty-four miles. Their height varies from two hundred to five hundred feet, and their average width is about a mile and a half. They are composed of metamorphic rock, principally trap and greenstone, with occasional thin seams of zoolite, magnesite, and amethystine quartz. Underlying them, and close to the water-level, are red sandstone and conglomerate, usually separated from the superincumbent rock by thin seams of brittle shales and friable sandstones of various colors, these intervening strata bearing marks of igneous action. The sandstone is pierced by occasional trap-dikes, and bears traces of copper-ore, principally in the form of a ferro-sulphide. The writer of this has occasionally picked up masses of *gozans* along the shore, which would indicate the presence of regular veins, but has never found the latter *in situ*; and it is probable, if they exist, they are inconsiderable in size. As in



GENERAL GREENE'S HEADQUARTERS.

steam more than her license calls for, and has two of the fattest deck-hands seated on the safety-valve to conceal this violation of law. The public, however, take all this chaff at its true value, and fill both boats during the summer, so many as three thousand people at a time having been at the place during a public holiday. In spite of these crowds, there is rarely any uproar, and the place is quiet and sleepy enough, requiring no more constabulary to preserve order than the memory of the figure of a policeman which some unknown artist drew several years since, in white chalk, on a rock just below the Powder House. Recently, indeed, one of the dailies had an account of two prize-fights occurring here. Fort Lee was a deal startled at hearing the news; but, on finding that the pugilists were, in one case, the sexton of the Presbyterian Church and a woodman remarkable for his good-nature, and, in the other, the pilot of one of the steamboats and one of the most decorous and inoffensive quarrymen in the neighborhood, Fort Lee smiled at the imagination of the reporter, and went to sleep again. The truth is, there never was a prize-fight at Fort Lee since the place had a name, unless we class under that head "the little unpleasantness" that occurred about there in 1776, be-

most circumstances where the trap is so situated, the surface is cut up into numerous chasms and ravines, especially on the river-side; and the nature of the soil, resulting from the decomposition of the rock beneath, presents a different flora from that to be found over the gneiss of Manhattan Island, or even that on the red sandstone on the other side, extending from the Overlook to the Passaic. The summits of the Palisades, from Bull's Ferry upward, with some trifling exceptions, remain in an almost primitive state of wildness. The timber is mostly of second or third growth; but it contains many patriarchal trees, that might have been standing when Hendrick Hudson ascended the river, and when the astounded Sanhicans viewed his big canoes from the Bluff or from Flat Rock. Some of these trees are Revolutionary relics, and are highly picturesque. The axe of the woodman is at work, however, and hundreds of the finest oaks and hickories fall yearly before the busy emissaries of the wharf-builders. Quite large tracts of hitherto dense forest have been cleared of late, and in a manner so thorough that nothing but copsewood is left.

In the rocky clefts, and through the rarely-trodden woods that

have thus far escaped the axe, there is to be found a choice variety of insect and reptile life, not to be seen on the other side of the Hudson. The deer and panther have long since gone with the red-man; and the fox, the American hare, and that handsome little animal which defends himself against all comers by a perfume more potent than agreeable, make up the fauna of to-day. Snakes there are in abundance; copperheads, black-snakes, and blowing-ropers, abound, while occasionally a rattlesnake gives warning that he has not yet entirely yielded to the approach of civilization. For miles on miles, the foot-traveller may pass along the summit of the Palisades and find no trace of man; but of the wild beauty of Nature he will find enough. The artist who makes his weary annual pilgrimages to the White Mountains or the Adirondacks, in search of subjects for the pencil, rarely knows that within less than an hour's journey from the Art Building he can find studies enough to keep him busy for a lifetime at his easel, and that he has a choice between inland scenes of great variety and beauty, and water views, with an extent of panorama and effects of light, shade, and atmosphere, to be surpassed in few portions, if in any, of the United States.

Fort Lee takes its name from some earthworks erected there in 1776, to support Fort Washington on the other side, and to assist in controlling the river. These consisted of the main earthwork on the ground inside of the bend of the cliff, which was named after General Lee, and manned by troops under General Mercer, who afterward fell at Princeton; a redoubt on the Bluff, called Fort Constitution; and two batteries of heavy ordnance. One of these last was on the cliff's edge, south of the main fort; the other was placed on the summits of a bare cliff, farther up the river, at a spot used a few years since as a telegraph-crossing. There are still traces of the redoubt, and a bastion and a portion of one curtain of the fort still remain. The works were at no time very formidable—a mere rectangular enclosure, the soil thrown up breast-high, about two hundred and fifty feet square, with bastions at the corners, and a ravelin on the eastern side. Most of the embankment, beaten down somewhat by time and the weather, with the bastions, the great entrance in the curtain, and the demi-lune, were plain enough, fourteen or fifteen years since, before the surrounding property was laid out in streets and avenues. Now, all that is left is a part of the curtain and one bastion. In the former are the remains of a small cellar, over which a butcher, a few years since, erected his shop, which has since been removed. The spring at which water was obtained for the officers' use, now known as "Washington's Well," remains in nearly its original state, and still furnishes a plentiful supply of pure water. An-

other spring, on the western side of the fort, is still in use. The base of the hut occupied by General Mercer, and temporarily tenanted by Generals Washington and Greene, has been removed, piece by piece, during the last few years, and a part of the stones of which it is composed assist in forming a dividing wall. The camp was laid out in streets named after those in New York, and, with care, evident traces of its plan may be discovered. The foundations of the huts nearest the cliff's edge have been generally removed; but numbers of these remain on the south and west of Dead Bridge Brook, where Morgan and his Virginia riflemen had their separate camp. They were detailed to picket-duty, and a number of their huts served for guard-houses. They were made of loose stones, piled up in walls about twelve feet square, and generally at some mass of project-

ing rock with a flat side, which served as one wall of the hut, and answered for chimney-back. These outlying huts were not regularly arranged, like the rest, discipline being a little more loose among the mountaineers than among the continentals.

It was at Fort Lee that the notorious Thomas Paine wrote one of his famous political papers, the one beginning with the often-quoted phrase—"These are the times that try men's souls." Paine gives us a short account of the evacuation of Fort Lee, as follows:

"As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances which those who lived at a distance knew little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being on a narrow neck of land, between the North River and Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one-fourth as great as Howe could bring into action against us. We had no army at hand to relieve the garrison,

had ourselves shut up, and stood on the defence; our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed, upon the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field-forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular objects which such forts are raised to defend.

"Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with instruction that the enemy, with two hundred boats, had landed about seven or eight miles above. Major-General Greene, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent an express to his Excellency, General Washington, at the town of Hackensack, distant, by the way of the ferry, six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and



RUINS OF HUTS.

us, about six miles from us and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three-quarters of an hour, and marched, at the head of the troops, toward the bridge, at which place I expected we should have a brush. However, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek between the bridge and ferry, and made their way through some marshy ground, up to the town of Hackensack, and then passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and to march them on until they could be strengthened by the Pennsylvania and Jersey militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We stayed four days at Newark, collected in our outposts, with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy on information of their being advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs."

Paine's account reminds us of the old saying, "Those see more of the game who look on than those who play." He is a little incorrect as to distance, while the evacuation had been expected and prepared for. The retreat of the Americans was inevitable after the fall of Fort Washington, of which the intrenchments at Fort Lee were only a supporting station. The main work had been carried by the British four days before, and the garrison put to the sword. It is said that Washington saw the assault and its result, and wept at the sight, in the presence of Berdette, who lived in the house below the cliff, which, part of the time, was Greene's headquarters, and still stands with a modern addition, readily distinguishable in the picture. This account is implicitly believed by Dr. Dixon — and the marines,



FIR TREE.

while, it forms one of the many Washington's headquarters. The exterior of the house, built in the Dutch style, has been recently modernized; but the interior of the sitting-room, of which a view is given, remains—except its furniture—in the old condition. There is a bullet-hole in the jamb of one of the doors—a relic of a Revolutionary

skirmish. Mr. Taylor dug out the bullet some years since, and then replaced the casing, leaving the bullet-hole unfilled. Down these two roads the army seems to have marched, with the exception of a few who retreated in a path farther south, just above a beaver-dam, which may be still seen, minus the beavers. The British



GENERAL WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

\* See Second Paper.





THE BASTION.

pursued as far as the Hackensack River, where they encamped. Few hostile shots were exchanged. The next day the Americans marched off, and the royal troops entered the town—the Hessians, especially, causing a great excitement among the inhabitants, to whom their brass caps, kettle-drums, and, above all, their mustaches, were things of wonder and dismay.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## WITH THE GAMBLERS AT HOMBURG.

**D**URING only one year longer, by the decision of the Reichsrath, may the polite art of gambling be practised, as heretofore, in Germany, and then Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden, and Ems, will have to close the doors of their "kursaals," or convert them to other uses.

The arrangements and the routine of daily life at all these places are pretty much the same, so that a description of one will answer very well for any other, and serve to give an idea of the surroundings and the people whom one will see at any one of the places named.

So let us look in at "Homburg on the Heights," which lies only a half-hour's ride from Frankfort, and is the most easy of access, and quite as attractive, in every respect, as any of the other places.

Leaving the railroad station, you proceed through a long, straight street, well and closely built; on both sides you see many small hotels, and on nearly every house a little sign of "Furnished rooms to let," for it is a town for strangers and birds of passage—a town of boarding-houses.

You also notice a good many banking and exchange offices, and shops where gold and silver are bought and sold, in whose windows are displayed rare stocks of jewelry, much of it evidently second-hand, and which has been sold here to make good the losses incurred in the kursaal, which you are now approaching. This is a large and elegant building, standing a little back from the street, made up of a long central building, with two wings running forward to the street, in one of which is a beautiful theatre. You enter, if you are respectably attired, and walk through a handsome marble corridor, which runs the whole length of the building, filled with people of all ages and sexes, promenading up and down, or sitting on the seats and watching the passers-by. If it is pleasant summer weather, you pass through a splendid concert-room, beautifully decorated with marble columns and elaborately gilded and frescoed ceiling, to the back of the building, and come out upon the charming ground in the rear, where, in a building erected for the purpose, shaped

much like the odd sounding-boards in some of our city churches, a large and admirable orchestra, some seventy in number, is going through the programme of the afternoon concert. Only in great cities do you hear such an orchestra, and in American cities not at all. These grounds are planted with shade-trees and graceful shrubs; seats are provided everywhere; and a great throng of people, for the most part elegantly dressed, are sitting to hear the music, or walking leisurely up and down the terraces, or taking ices or coffee at the little tables of the restaurant. Beyond is a road as smooth as a billiard-table, lined with handsome houses, beyond which still are the lovely grounds in which are situated the mineral springs for which Homburg is famous. These grounds are like what the Central Park of New York may be in twenty years from now—when its trees are grown.

Winding paths leads the visitor through shady groves, through beds of fragrant flowers, through clumps of beautiful shrubbery, through smooth and verdant lawns, past hot-houses filled with the rarest plants, orangeries crowded with great orange-trees in tubs, rustic cottages, where children may have milk, to the springs, where all may have water of flavor and properties varied enough to suit every palate and almost every known disease. There are many springs, differing considerably from each other, whose waters are drunk, under medical advice of course, by most of those who live in Homburg during the season; for the water-drinking, just as it is at Saratoga, is a part of the business of life, and is conducted much in the same way. Crowds of gayly-dressed people in elegant morning toilets, jostle against other crowds of miserable invalids rolled about in bath-chairs, all hastening to the springs in the early morning hours, when alone the water-drinking is supposed to have any good effect, due, in all probability, as much to the walking exercise that follows the drinking, as to the properties of the waters; which, however, are so highly flavored with sulphur and iron, that they must be equal to dealing with pretty severe cases, if there be any virtue in the bad taste and the strong smell of a medicine.

One may walk for hours and miles in this lovely park, either mingling with the varied throng around the springs, or solitary and alone, through winding paths that seduce one ever to go on and on without much note of time. But our time is precious—for time is money here—so let us go back to the kursaal, for the concert is now finished, and as evening draws near the play-rooms become more crowded, and the play is higher. As you pass through the building again, you see (and enter, if you will) a magnificent dining-hall, where, for a very moderate sum, at the *table d'hôte*, you may have dinner of numberless courses, prepared in the highest style of the culinary art. Less than a paper dollar will pay for it, so you will do well to dine here, where, besides, for a very moderate charge, the choicest wines of the Rhine, hard by, will be placed beside you. What would not Delmonico or Parker charge you for these fragrant bottles? Another dollar, or less, will give you the best here.

Leaving the table when you are ready, you go through brightly-lighted corridors to the play-rooms. Livered lackeys, in the waiting-rooms, give you a passing glance, to be sure that you are decently attired, and proper in your general appearance, to mix with the select company of these rooms. There are printed regulations posted up here and there, defining who may not enter, such as clerks, working-people, and ill-dressed persons, etc. Other placards set forth the amounts that may be staked, twelve thousand francs being the largest amount that may be played at a time, and one florin the smallest.

Passing into the saloons, you are struck by the beauty of the apartments, their great size, and the elaborate elegance of their painted, lofty ceilings, glittering with gilding, and reflected a hundred times in splendid mirrors. There are four of these great halls, a table surrounded by a crowd in the centre of each, and no sound heard but the clink of the gold and silver coins as they are gathered in and paid out at the tables. Conversation is forbidden in these rooms; indeed, those engaged in play are too much absorbed in *that* to talk, and those who are merely engaged in watching the game are almost equally absorbed. The only persons in the rooms who seem wholly uninterested in any thing are the *croupiers*, who, with their little wooden rakes, push about the piles of gold and silver coin upon the tables. The "*trente et quarante*" table (or *rouge et noir*) is perhaps twice as long as a billiard-table, and is marked, by gilded lines upon its green cloth, into certain divisions, within which, on the "red" or "black" side, the players, who are seated all round the table, place their money. The dealer, sitting in the middle, on one side of this long table, deals about ten cards, which he lays before him in two rows upon the table, adding the amounts of the spots with wonderful rapidity, and announcing the result, and what color, "red" or "black," has won or lost. There are many modifications of the play unnecessary to enumerate here, depending upon the division of the table, upon which the stake is laid. If the player wins, having staked as much as he pleased, he recovers his stake, with as much more, from the "bank," the glittering pile of coin which lies before the dealer, and which is paid to the numerous players, by the *croupier* who sits opposite the dealer, with a rapidity of manipulation and calculation that would put to shame the expertest teller of one of our banks. The players sit closely around the table, which will accommodate perhaps sixty persons, while others stand behind, and play over the shoulders of those who are seated. The *habitués* are provided with cards, upon which they record the game by pricks of a pin against figures printed on the cards. Nothing is heard while the game is in progress, but the monotonous voice of the dealer, "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu*" (Gentlemen, make your play); and then, after having dealt his cards, "*Le jeu est fait*" (The play is made), and the briefly-announced result of the dealing of the cards, "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd*" (Red wins, black loses), or whatever it be.

Around these tables are seated persons of every description, of all ages, of both sexes, of every condition in life. An observant eye, accustomed to view mankind a little critically, will quickly see the professional gamblers, and soon pick out the pretty actresses, the elegantly-attired ladies of leisure and pleasure in the employ of the bank, whose personal attractions lure many men to the table; these are here always, seeming to make gaming their occupation. Besides these are some who, beginning at first from curiosity or amusement, have been led on by easy steps down the descent of this hell, who can no longer retrace the path, but plunge deeper and irrevocably into their ruin. One may sometimes see these, playing with desperation their last stake, and many such a one calls upon the "bank," after having lost all, for the means of conveyance to his home, which is always politely furnished; and not unfrequently a pistol-shot, heard in the evening among the shady walks of the park, tells the listeners that one more wretch, who has lost all, and suffered more than he can bear, has betaken himself out of the world. You may see also many persons of good appearance, nice old ladies, well-appearing old gentlemen, pretty young ladies with respectable escort, who put down a few florins "for fun," perhaps, or, it may be, for the chance of winning enough to pay the cost of their day's pleasure in Homburg. Others, travellers of all nations, with money in their pockets, play deeply, also "for fun." I have seen some well-known Americans stake, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, large sums of gold—men who would never, for an instant, dare to do such a thing at home, even were they tempted, but who here seem to think it no harm, in Rome, to do as the Romans do.

So, in the faces of this motley crowd, you may range the whole gamut of human passion, from entire indifference to wretched despair and rage; and far more interesting than the piles of gold and silver that are every few minutes lost and won, is it to watch the countenances and the nervous hands of those who sit around these tables.

There are several *rouge et noir* (or *trente et quarante*) tables, and also several roulette tables, at which latter the game is decided by a little ivory ball revolving in a cylinder, divided into divisions corresponding with the numbers on the table. The chances of winning here are

greater, as in some cases the fortunate player may receive thirty-five times the amount staked. But as the gain may be great, so is the chance of loss proportionately large, for the chances are greatly in favor of the bank. The roulette-tables are always, therefore, densely crowded with players, and the excitement is intense, though no word is ever spoken.

The cost of all these buildings, and grounds, and music, including an opera, at which the greatest singers of the world are heard, is all borne by the "bank," which is a very close corporation of a few members. Its stock is never in the market. Homburg alone pays to the government a fine of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, besides supporting all these charges. The enormous profits that will permit such payments may be easily imagined. The opera alone costs at every representation, to the administration, more than could be realized if every seat in the theatre were filled. Adelina Patti receives for thirteen performances, seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, the yearly salary of our ambassadors of the highest grade! This shows the scale of the expenses of the Homburg Kursaal, and what sums must be reaped from visitors to meet such expenses, and pay an enormous additional profit to the proprietors!

One would scarcely imagine that tricks would be played upon such an institution; yet it is but a few days since an adventurer laid on the table what appeared to be a *rouleau* of gold. The quick eye and keen sense of the *croupier* saw something suspicious in it, however, and he struck the roll a little rap with his wooden rake, and let out the *sand* with which it was filled. The rascal fled from the rooms, but was speedily arrested in the grounds, and brought to justice for his ingenious little trick.

The play begins at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasts till eleven at night, without intermission, the dealers and *croupiers* relieving each other at short intervals of not more than half an hour, which is, perhaps, as long a time as they can maintain the strain upon their faculties of superintending the game, which requires the entire concentration of their minds, and rapid working of their powers. Disputes very rarely occur at the tables, though one may sometimes see a pretty woman take up money that she had not laid down herself—trying to reap where she had not sown. This is submitted to by the person defrauded usually, rather than make any disturbance; though I have seen the *croupier* politely rectify the little mistake by quietly withdrawing the ill-gotten plunder with his wooden rake, the thief submitting to his interference with equal politeness and good grace.

Players, too, seem to work in partnership, relieving each other at intervals in the same way as the employés of the bank. Not unfrequently you see an elderly man and a pretty young woman in this partnership; whether she is wife, daughter, or mistress, you cannot guess; they may sustain any of these relations to each other; but there they are, side by side at the table, for hours, it may be, the whole day and evening through.

But this will all, in the course of the coming year, be at an end; and what will become of these magnificent saloons and grounds at Homburg and Wiesbaden, at Baden and at Ems, it is hard to guess. Of course, many will continue to frequent the places that have been so long familiar summer resorts; the mineral waters will bring some invalids; but, whether it will be possible to support these costly establishments without the enormous sums fleeced from the pockets of the visitors, remains to be seen.

Homburg has an interesting "Schloss," where the Emperor of Germany and his family sometimes pass a few weeks. Its situation is beautiful, and the grounds tastefully laid out. In the middle of the court-yard is a lofty, circular tower, of great antiquity. From this castle a beautiful road, through forests of great trees, leads to the summit of the *Feldberg*, the highest of the Taunus Mountains, about five miles distant, which is much resorted to for the fine prospect to be seen from the top. There are also interesting Roman remains in the neighborhood; especially interesting being the old Roman camp, in very perfect preservation, from which many curious relics have been disinterred, now to be seen in the museum of the castle.

There is enough in Homburg to reward the traveller's visit, apart from the spectacle of the public gaming-tables, which will so soon be abolished. This sight, to an American, is something entirely new; for gaming, with us, is done in corners, and away from the public eye, and not, as in these places, openly, inviting and tempting, by every fascination, all who can possibly be lured within the net.

HENRY WARE.

## TABLE-TALK.

AS we go to press with this number of the JOURNAL, a telegram from San Francisco, published in the daily newspapers, announces the death, under very sad circumstances, of one of our contributors, Mr. FREDERICK WADSWORTH LORING. He was born in Newtonville, Massachusetts, in 1849, and was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover. He entered Harvard University in 1866, and was graduated four years later. While at Harvard, and even before, at Andover, he evinced more than ordinary ability, and acquired some distinction as a writer of gay and lively verse, and as a contributor to the *Harvard Advocate*, a paper published by the students. While in college he wrote a drama, "Wild Rose," which was produced with marked success at Selwyn's Theatre, in Boston. Soon after he graduated he was called to the position of assistant editor of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, and remained in that situation for about a year, during which time he wrote a serial novel, entitled "Two College Friends," in *Old and New*, which was afterward republished in book-form; and was also the author of several short poems, which appeared in the *Atlantic*. He was afterward editorially connected with the *Boston Daily Advertiser* and *Every Saturday*, and was an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Old and New*, the *New-York Independent*, *New-York World*, and to this journal. Last spring, Lieutenant Wheeler, of the army, who was about to explore Arizona at the head of a Government expedition, requested us to appoint some competent young writer to accompany the party as a representative of APPLETON'S JOURNAL. We offered the position to Mr. Loring, who accepted it with the greatest eagerness and enthusiasm. Such an expedition exactly suited his romantic and adventurous disposition, and Lieutenant Wheeler and the rest of the party were delighted with the acquisition of so bright, buoyant, handsome, and gifted a comrade. He wrote to us from San Francisco a lively sketch of his Chinese experience in that city, entitled "Jo Horge." During his wanderings in the wilderness he had few opportunities to forward letters, but nevertheless sent us the articles entitled "A Council of War," "A Glimpse of Mormonism," "Silver-mining in Nevada," "The Valley of Death," and several poems. The party suffered great privations, and a portion of them turned back in dismay at the perils before them. Loring with the rest kept on into "The Valley of Death," a terrible cañon in California and Nevada, three hundred feet below the level of the sea, which all former expeditions had avoided, or, after entering, had never returned. From this valley he wrote us a letter in pencil, dated August 27th, in which he said: "I am bootless, coatless, every thing but lifeless. Thousands of dollars would not pay me for my Death-Valley experience of two days ago and our Indian row of this morning, of which I hope to send you an account in a week. We are laid up crippled and helpless in this desert. Lieutenant Wheeler is taking these letters to a

mail-station, which we hope, after he brings us relief, to reach in three days. I have had a fortnight of horrors—this morning an Indian fight capped the climax. At the present date, however, I am well and cheerful. As soon as I can copy them I will send extracts from my journal. This may be the last, however, that you will hear from me if we don't get out or get reinforcements soon. If you remember my description of Cowitch\* for your paper, you may perhaps be interested to know that these are subjects of his from whom we have received this friendly treatment at his instigation. My letter is incoherent, but who could help getting mixed in such a country as this? The ghastly absurdity of my recent experiences makes me almost laugh in spite of my being somewhat scared at what I fear is still to come." After his escape from the valley, we received a brief note from Mr. Loring enclosing some poems, but giving no particulars of his adventures. Our next intelligence of him was the newspaper telegram from San Francisco of November 10th, announcing that, a few days before, a band of fifty Apaches had attacked the stage-coach from Wickenburg to La Paz, Arizona, at a place about ten miles from Wickenburg, and killed the driver and five passengers, of whom Mr. Loring was one. He was doubtless on his way home when his career was thus ended, at the early age of twenty-two. A short time ago Charles Reade, the English novelist, said that Loring seemed to him the most promising of all the young authors of America. And certainly no one could look upon his animated and mobile countenance, his intellectual and beautiful head, or listen to his graceful and cultured talk, without feeling that the brilliant youth was likely to become a very eminent man.

—An enthusiastic Frenchman, infected with a mania for aerial voyaging, indulges in the following rhapsody, to which he is inspired by his visions of the future destiny of balloons: "For, when the conquest of the air shall have been achieved, universal fraternity will be established upon the earth, everlasting peace will descend to us from heaven, and the last links which divide men and nations will be severed!" Not to dwell upon the fact that links are usually devoted to uniting, instead of (as this zealous Gaul apparently imagines) dividing, we cannot but think that his anticipation of a coincidence of balloon-navigation with the millennium is one more instance of that lively optimism which lavishly fringes French literature. Mankind have not certainly been cured of wars by steam-navigation, the railroad, or the telegraph; on the contrary, each and all of these fruitful wonders have been brought into constant requisition whenever nations have been called upon to attempt each other's destruction. In what manner the change in locomotion involved in flying through the air, instead of riding on the rail, is going to induce universal peace and good-will, would be curious to learn; unhappily, monsieur did not venture beyond the "glittering generalities" we have just quoted; his jubilant fancy failed

him provokingly at the critical point; Professor Huxley would have certainly clamored for "details." The science of "ballooning"—a word itself of recent coinage—is in a constant state of at least theoretical progression; the patent-offices of the inventive nations are continually besieged by the creators of every imaginable project to this end, and their repositories crowded with machines of most singular and complicated aspect. One of the latest designs was that of an enterprising Californian, involving an outlay of fifteen miles of cord for the net-work, with a thirty-foot boat slung beneath the car, having a fan, like that of a winnowing machine, to propel it, and to be worked by an Ericsson engine of four-horse power. The inventor expected this aerial ship to traverse the Atlantic within three days, though it has not as yet made its appearance at Southampton or Liverpool. Balloons, as is known, were used to excellent purpose in the late war, both for the warlike operations of reconnaissance and the more beneficent object of transporting letters, of which some two and a half million were thus carried back and forth from the beleaguered French capital; and M. Gambetta may be one of the few statesmen who will be inclined to echo the enthusiasm of his countryman above quoted. Balloons were used for observing a hostile army as long ago as Napoleon I.'s wars on the Rhine; and in our Mexican War it was proposed—though the proposal was not adopted—to construct a great air-ship, load it with bombs and torpedoes, and from it rain down these explosives upon some of the devoted Mexican towns. That so terrific a use of the balloon might be possible it is not difficult to imagine; and, if this idea should ever cross the mind of the Gallic rhapsodist, it must leave his fancy in a pitiable confusion. Mankind surely needs something less palpably material than a mechanical invention to heal its divisions, extinguish its jealousies, and knit its mass together in "universal fraternity;" but a man must be indulged a little when he is astride of his hobby.

—There are many indications of an approaching dissolution of the Austrian empire. The doctrine of "nationalities," first preached from a throne by Napoleon III. in 1867, has been fatal to its harmony, and will probably prove fatal to its existence as a united state. The practical operation of this doctrine has united Germany in the north, deprived Austria of Venetia, and has consolidated Italy in the south, with its capital at Rome. The accession of Count von Beust, a Saxon and a Protestant, to the chancellorship of Austria, was signalized by the almost immediate establishment of Hungary as a virtually independent kingdom, governed by its own parliament, administered by its own cabinet, and presided over by Francis Joseph, not as Austrian emperor, but as King of Hungary. The reforms initiated by Von Beust have been thorough and enlightened; he has converted an absolutism into a really constitutional régime. But concessions and conciliations, following each other at short intervals, have failed to harmonize the conflicting aspirations of the various provinces of the empire, composed as they are of three distinct races—the Teutonic, the Slavic, and the Magyar. Ro-

\* "A Council of War," APPLETON'S JOURNAL, No. 124.



hemia, with its majority of Slavic Czechs, has repeatedly demanded that she, like Hungary, should be formed into an independent kingdom, and that, as the emperor went to Pesth to be crowned King of Hungary, so he should come to Prague and there be crowned with the diadem of Stanislas. The German element of the empire, including Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, and the Tyrol, are battling stoutly to retain their old predominance, seriously threatened by the growth of rival provinces and the reconstruction of North Germany. The Croatians are in a state of chronic discontent, ever and anon breaking out into rank insurrection. The only portion of the empire which manifests a disposition of content and loyalty is Hungary; and it is upon Hungary, the most homogeneous of its states, that Francis Joseph must at last rely to uphold his throne, if indeed that does not prove a task too great even for the political skill of the Magyars. The conflict between the Germans and the Czechs—the one clamoring for greater centralization, the other for "autonomy"—grows more bitter every week, and has at last come to the pass that Bohemia refuses to send delegates to the imperial Reichsrath, but stands apart in sullen and ominous anger. The resignation of Chancellor von Beust is the latest and most serious phase of this struggle. The emperor thereby loses, at a critical moment, the keenest mind and strongest arm within his dominions. He is now left face to face with the passionate rivals for his favor, the embittered politicians of German Austria on the one hand, and of Bohemia and Moravia on the other. Meanwhile, these internal distractions are aggravated by a constant and natural distrust of the purposes of Bismarck and of the mysterious military preparations of Russia. The collapse of Austria, just as she has begun to appreciate the blessings of constitutional liberty, cannot be regarded without regret; yet it would seem to be a necessary consequence of the admission of the principle of self-government, for each of the various races naturally desires to exercise this power by and for itself.

—Shade of Pythagoras! A judicial decision essential to prove that a believer in the metempsychosis is not necessarily a fit subject for a lunatic asylum! Is it not enough to rehabilitate the dust of Plato, and to bring back the soul to mummied Egypt before the fulfilment of the time of its migrations? Behold the facts! One Bonard, an eccentric Frenchman, who had lived entirely separated from his family for over twenty-five years, and who had always professed a singular affection for dumb beasts, died, leaving his property, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." As might have been foreseen, parties claiming relationship with the deceased contested the will on the ground that the testator was of unsound mind. Among other evidence adduced to prove mental weakness, is the fact that Bonard believed in the transmigration of souls, and expected that his own soul would pass, after death, into the body of some animal, perhaps into that of one of his own horses; in anticipation of which he made

ample provision for the comfortable and even luxurious maintenance of the latter during life. Hence the introduction of the doctrine of metempsychosis in the Surrogate's Court, and the examination of experts to decide the question of the sanity of a believer. A medical gentleman, who has made the treatment of diseases of the mind and of the nervous system a specialty, explained at length the teachings of Pythagoras on the subject and its relations with early Christianity. He did not consider a man who entertained such a belief irrational, nor did such a belief indicate to him, as a medical man, any insane delusion or mental derangement. Plato, among the ancients, and Montaigne, among the moderns, were believers in metempsychosis, and he found no evidence of insanity in their works, nor in those of Origen and some others of the early Christian writers who deduced the doctrine from the Bible. Aside from the interest attaching to the question when regarded from a philosophical point of view, the case furnishes a singular example of the length to which the modern legal intellect is disposed to carry the doctrine of insanity. As it is impossible to prescribe statutory bounds to sanity, we may live to see almost any heterodox belief denounced before our courts as evidence of mental hallucination.

—In the destruction of the whaling fleet by ice in the Arctic Ocean, New Bedford suffers almost as great a loss comparatively as does Chicago from her recent calamity. Of the thirty-three ships abandoned, twenty-one sailed from her port. Of all her fleet engaged in the right-whale fishery, but four remain. Since the early part of this century New Bedford has been the chief whaling-port of the world. At the opening of the Revolution, she employed over fifty ships in the business, most of which were lost during the war, and in 1860 over three hundred, or half of the whole whaling fleet of the United States. At this time Great Britain sent out but four ships, and France and Holland but three each. During the last decade of years, the business has been gradually decreasing, partly on account of the growing scarcity of whales, and partly on account of the general substitution of mineral oils for whale-oil, and of steel for whalebone. Notwithstanding this decay, New Bedford has still a large amount of capital invested in the fishery, and many of her hardy sons derive their livelihood from it. The loss of her fleet will fall heavily on the middling classes, as it has been customary for persons of moderate means to invest their spare earnings in whaling-stock. But there is a measure of consolation in the fact that the calamity has not been attended with the sacrifice, so far as is known, of a single human life. The crews have been landed safe in San Francisco, and are now on their way home, ready to engage again in the same arduous pursuit. So enterprising a New-England community cannot easily be discouraged by a merely pecuniary loss; and we shall look to see another fleet in the spring making its way into the ice-fields of the North, with a determination to retrieve the ill-luck with which Fortune has this year visited it.

## Literary Notes.

A HANDSOME volume, devoted to the "Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick," appears from the press of Harper & Brothers. "Ever since Miss Sedgwick's death," says the editor, Mary M. Dewey, in her preface, "those who knew and loved her best have been desirous that some printed memorial should exist of a life so beautiful and delightful in itself, and so beneficent in its influence on others. Many, besides, must join in the wish; for, although few remain of the generation in which she was a shining light, yet they, and those who were still young enough when her books appeared to feel their characters distinctly moulded by her words of tender wisdom, will rejoice, both for their own sakes and that of younger people who knew her not, that there should be placed on record a fuller sketch of her life than any that has yet appeared." If the publication of this volume prove the means of sending the present generation of readers back to those delightful pictures of life, "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," and others of Miss Sedgwick's tales, it will render a great service to the cause of good taste and morals in literature.

"A Russian scholar," says the *Athenaeum*, "has just died, whose loss will long be felt by all who take an interest in Slavonic archaeology. Aleksandr Nikolaevich Afanasiev contributed to contemporary Russian literature, besides very many excellent articles in magazines, pamphlets, etc., at least two of the works which are the most to be valued by students of the mythology of the old Slavonians, and the folk-lore of their descendants. These are the extensive collection, in eight parts, of the 'Russian Popular Stories,' and the exhaustive treatise, in three thick volumes, on the 'Poetical Views of the Old Slavonians about Nature,' which he was fortunately able to complete before his early death. He was only forty-six years old when he died. Had he not been cut off in the midst of his career, he would doubtless have continued to devote himself to his favorite subjects with the industry, enthusiasm, and good faith, which had already enabled him to do so much, and to do it so well."

Probably the handsomest illustrated book of the year is a pictorial edition of Bryant's poem of "The Fountain," which contains beautifully-executed engravings from designs by Harry Fenn, Winslow Homer, Alfred Fredericks, and John A. Hows. The illustrations number forty-two, every page containing a picture, and nearly every couplet of the poem has found charming interpretation at the hands of the artist. The designs are varied; they afford delicious pictures of the fountain as seen from different points of view, and delineate all the manifold incidents that the poet imagines to have occurred in the long times past on the brink of the bubbling spring. The work is beautifully printed and sumptuously bound. In size, it is uniform with Bryant's "Song of the Sower," published last year in similar style. The publishers are D. Appleton & Co.

"The Earth; a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe," is a large, well-illustrated volume, reprinted from the French, and published here by Harper & Brothers. This volume is the product of vast labor and research. It attempts, within the space of six hundred octavo pages, to describe and illustrate all the phenomenal dif-

ferences of the surface of the globe, of the character and movement of waters, and of the subterranean forces that appear in volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, depressions and elevations of the ground. It is the result of fifteen years' careful study, travel, and research, on the part of its author, Elisée Reclus, and has already attained a great reputation abroad. The volume is very freely supplied with maps, many of which are printed in colors. The American edition is edited by Henry Woodward, Esq., of the British Museum.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. have published "Child-life; a Collection of Poems, edited by John Greenleaf Whittier," in which we find a gathering of the best poems in the language expressive of the life of childhood. The editor aimed to make a selection which would combine simplicity "with a certain degree of literary excellence, without, on the one hand, descending to silliness, or, on the other, rising above the average comprehension of childhood." The collection includes all the better-known poems of childhood, with many fresh to the general reader. It is open to the criticism of being rather more about children than for children, as is almost certain to be the case in works of the kind when literary excellence is sought for.

Mr. Baring-Gould has a new volume in preparation, which will contain the principal legends which are current in the East about the Old-Testament patriarchs, prophets, etc. These legends are as interesting and as widely spread as any body of legend that can be named. Many of them Mr. Gould believes to be "genuine traditions," among which is a legend of the "Sacrifice of Isaac," in which Satan is introduced very much in the same way as in the Book of Job. The sources of more modern tradition Mr. Gould divides into Mussulman, Jewish, and Rabbinical.

Messrs. Routledge & Sons, of this city, have published, in one compact and very neat volume, a new edition of "Walks in Rome," by Augustus J. C. Hare. This work, which must always rank as the most perfect and exhaustive of all the guides to the wonders of the Eternal City, comes, in its new one-volume form, in far more convenient shape for the traveller or the reader than in the earlier editions. For the library, the student, the reader, or the traveller visiting the famous city, Mr. Hare's work is indispensable.

The latest issue in D. Appleton & Co.'s Library of Choice Novels is Mr. Whyte Melville's novel of "The Gladiators; a Tale of Rome and Judea." The volume is a suitable companion to "Sarchedon," recently published by the same house. In each of these novels, Mr. Melville exhibits a great fulness of knowledge as regards past eras, and the talent for investing ancient forms of life with all the animation and spirit of existing periods. The descriptions are vivid, the situations dramatic, and the story in each case invested with powerful interest.

"We are glad to learn," says the London *Athenaeum*, "that Sir Henry Holland has been persuaded to publish, and under an enlarged form, a volume entitled, we believe, 'Recollections of Past Life,' of which a few copies only were printed a year or two ago, for his own family and private friends." This work will be republished in New York, from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a new descriptive and illustrated catalogue of their

medical publications, which is not only of value to physicians, but attractive, on account of the fine portraits of distinguished practitioners with which it is embellished. Sent free to any address, upon application.

Hepworth Dixon has in preparation a work called "The Switzers," which will treat of the life and general condition of the people of Switzerland.

## Scientific Notes.

A NICELY-SCULPTURED bone of the glacial epoch has recently been discovered in the quarries near Veyrier, a village situated three miles south of Geneva (Switzerland), at the foot of Mont Salève. Huge boulders, which have fallen from the steep declivities of this calcareous mountain during thousands of centuries, have accidentally formed caverns of various sizes. One of them was recently discovered by digging in a certain direction pointed out by some scientific men, who had obtained there a few flint-stone implements. It yielded an immense quantity of these instruments, and of entire and fractured bones, all of which were embedded in a thin layer of black vegetable earth. The axes, knives, saws, etc., amount in number to more than a thousand, and have unquestionably been manufactured on the spot. The black soil is literally paved with bones of horses, bulls, reindeers, stags, chamois, marmots, Alpine bears, wolves, and storks; half of all these remains are reindeer-bones. The sculptured bone to which we referred above was found among them, and is, of course, the most important curiosity of the whole discovery. Its length is nearly eight inches; it is perforated, and shows twelve small cuts or incisions at one end, which may have served as a calendar or hunting-marks, and bear some analogy to the marks on the famous Ogham monuments, now in the British Museum. On one side, a primeval artist drew a bold picture of an herbivorous animal with long curved horns, which the discoverer, M. F. Tholy, of Geneva, supposes to be a *bouquetin*. This animal still exists in a few recesses of the highest French and Italian Alps, where its life is only spared through the severe laws enacted for its protection. The other side of the relic exhibits the picture of a long, narrow stem of a plant, probably a fern. Sculptured stones or bones had previously been found in the caves of a very limited district only, in Southwestern France, viz., the departments of Dordogne, Vienne, Charente, Arriège, Tarn et Garonne. None of the numerous Belgian and German stations ever exhibited any works of the kind. They were also utterly unknown east of the Rhone. Other things of interest discovered in the Veyrier Cave are a spoon-like instrument and a broken needle, both made of bone, and seventeen perforated valves of peduncle shells. A series of geological inquiries has ascertained the fact, that the waters of the neighboring lake of Geneva (or Lemman) reached, in the glacial epoch, twenty-five metres above the present level. But the Veyrier Cave is situated considerably higher than this old level, and is now the only Swiss station where the reindeer can be proved to have existed contemporaneously with man. Schussenried, in the kingdom of Württemberg, some twenty miles northeast of the lake of Constance, belongs to the same period. The exceedingly large quantity of animal bones accumulated in this narrow cave, sufficiently evinces the fact that a colder temperature must have pre-

vailed then than Geneva has now, as otherwise the putrefaction of this organic matter would have made the cave uninhabitable. The same accumulations can be seen nowadays in the subterranean dwellings of the Esquimaux and Lapps in the vicinity of the North Pole.

Eight new lacustrine stations were found this year in the lake of Zurich, in close proximity to the city of this name. The full number of lake-dwellings and lake-stations discovered in Switzerland up to August, 1871, has reached one hundred and forty-eight.

## Miscellany.

James Thacher Hodge.

Among the passengers on board the steamer E. G. Colburn, which foundered in a gale on Lake Huron about the middle of October, was James Thacher Hodge, a man of considerable scientific eminence. Mr. Hodge was a native of Plymouth, Mass., and had recently completed the fifty-fifth year of his age, having been born in 1816. He was a descendant, on his mother's side, of Dr. James Thacher, the author of the "Military Journal during the Revolutionary War," and of various medical works of eminent repute in their day, and which still sustain their character with historical and professional students. He received his education at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1836, with a high character for pure morals, studious habits, and the love of physical science. At the same time, he was distinguished for his facility as a writer, his sound taste in composition, and the terseness and beauty of his style, and became a favorite pupil of Professor Edward T. Channing, who then occupied the chair of rhetoric in the university. Upon leaving Cambridge, his interest in the natural sciences induced him to forego the temptation to enter upon the study of one of the common learned professions, and, with the rare freedom from mercenary and ambitious views which characterized him through life, he devoted himself to the pursuit of geology and mineralogy, which at that time seldom afforded the favorable opportunities that have since made it a lucrative calling. His scientific knowledge and zeal soon attracted the attention of professional experts, and his services came into request as a practical geologist. He was employed in the State geological survey of Maine, under Dr. Charles T. Jackson, and in that of Pennsylvania, under Professor Henry D. Rogers, in which capacity he increased his reputation, already high for a young man, for faithful and thorough work, untiring industry, and singular firmness and energy of character. He subsequently took part in numerous private enterprises for the development of the mining resources of the country, and the promotion of mechanical inventions, performed extensive travels in the United States and in England, and contributed voluminous and important papers on scientific and industrial topics to some of the leading publications in that department. A few years since, while engaged in mining operations in Montana, he came into collision with some of the settlers in that district, whose depredations on the property of the company which he represented he was compelled to resist by force, and, on occasion of a sudden rencontre, fatally wounded one of a party by which he had been attacked. A judicial inquiry and trial ensued, which resulted in his honorable acquittal from the charge of homicide, and called forth enthusiastic expressions of approval of his conduct and admiration

of his character from the people of the neighborhood. Mr. Hodge was remarkable for the facility with which he made friends in every quarter where he had acquaintance. He kept up an intimacy with a great variety of eminent men in every walk of life, including many distinguished merchants and business men, as well as those devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. Beneath a quiet and grave exterior, frequently unassuming and reticent, he concealed a warmth of affection and a power of devoted attachment which awakened a personal interest in return in numerous quarters, which was never chilled by the changes of an active and not always smoothly-flowing life.

#### Similes, Grotesque and Comical.

A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. We mentioned those of Daniel Webster, who likened the word "would," in Rufus Choate's handwriting, to a small gridiron struck by lightning; of a sailor who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a Western reporter, who, in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays in the effort to thaw the ice were as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor, who, in a discussion as to speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse, the telegraph poles on the side looked like a fine tooth-comb. Similes of a like character are often heard among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of Western orators. Instances: As sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all outdoors; it strikes me like a thousand bricks; slick as grease or greased lightning; melancholy as a Quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink; not enough to make gruel for a sick grasshopper; not clothes enough to wad a gun; as limp and limber as an India-rubber stove-pipe; uneasy as a cat in a strange garret; not strong enough to haul a codfish off a gridiron; after you, like a rat-terrier after a chipmunk squirrel; useless as whistling psalms to a dead horse; no more than a grasshopper wants an apron; don't make the difference of the shake of a frog's tail; soul bobbing up and down to the bosom like a crazy porpoise in a pond of red-hot grease; enthusiasm boiled over like a bottle of ginger-pop; as impossible to penetrate his head as to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot; as impossible as to ladle the ocean dry with a clam-shell, or suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill; or to stuff butter into a wild-cat with a hot awl; or for a shad to climb up a shad-pole with a fresh mackerel under each arm; or for a cat to run up a stove-pipe with a teazel tied to its tail; or for a man to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots. There is another class of similes scarcely as pertinent; as, for instance: straight as a ram's horn; it will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat; talk to him like a Dutch uncle; smiling as a basket of chips; odd as Dick's hatband; happy as a clam at high water; quicker than you can say Jack Robinson; like all possessed; like fury; like all natur'; like all sixty; as quick as any thing; mad as hops; mad as Halifax; sleep like a top; run like thunder; deadlier than a door-nail; getting along like two-forty on a plank-road.

#### Queen Victoria's Ladies.

With one exception, Queen Victoria's ladies in waiting are widows. Since her husband's death her majesty has always selected ladies similarly bereaved. They receive eight hundred pounds a year, which is a very acceptable

addition to the jointure of an Irish peeress. They are always wives or widows of peers.

Young ladies are not considered eligible as maids of honor unless they are grand-daughters of a peer, not of a lower rank than an earl. They are almost invariably selected from the daughters of the daughters or younger sons of peers, and are in a position which renders their salary of eight hundred pounds a year an object. The life of a maid of honor at the court of Queen Victoria has been free from all temptation to stoop to folly, as that of the young ladies whom we read of in De Grammont's "Memoirs" was full; and "La Belle Jennings," and the other two subjects of Lely's pencil, which have been handed down by him to posterity, would have been dreadfully bored by the Windsor of to-day, which, never lively for young ladies during the present reign, even at the best of times, is now duller than ever. The maids of honor retain their title of "honorable," which they receive on appointment, after they marry, but it is notable that their position is not considered to advance their prospects of making a good match, and, in fact, in a worldly point of view, they rarely marry well.

The queen generally presents a maid of honor with a handsome present in money on her marriage, besides the hundred-guinea shawl which is her majesty's almost invariable gift. Many of them retain their positions long after they have reached middle life, and one lady, now retired, who was removed, and who turned a deaf ear to repeated intimations that her resignation would be accepted, was old enough to be her majesty's mother. There are always numerous applicants for all the positions about the court, but, at the same time, many of those whom the queen would particularly like to have about her decline; and, indeed, there is little inducement to persons in high positions to undertake such duties.

In former days a close connection existed between court places and politics, and it is a matter of history that the late Sir Robert Peel, at an early period in the present reign, declined to form a government, because the queen refused to part with certain members of her household, "friends of her youth," whose influence Sir Robert considered would frustrate his own. Now, however, except in the case of the mistress of the robes, which is regarded as a high office of state, a minister very rarely raises objection to the presence of any particular lady, although, no doubt, if he did so, she would be obliged to resign.

In London the ladies in waiting do not actually live in the palace, but are sent for and carried, according as their attendance is required, by a royal carriage placed at their disposal; but the maids of honor live at the palace, both in town and country. The queen always shows kindly recollections of old servants deserving it, whether of high or low degree.

#### A Great Loss to Science.

While the world has grieved over the sad pecuniary losses, the physical suffering and privations consequent on the Chicago fire, and while much has been said of the losses of the Historical Society, in books, paintings, and relics, another grievous loss appears to have escaped the general attention. Yet, since the world began, there has probably never been suffered a loss greater to the cause of science, or one representing so large an expenditure of money, time, and scientific knowledge—utterly gone without a vestige or a remnant—than has been suffered by the burning of the Chicago Academy of Natural Sciences. This institution, founded some ten or twelve years since

by a few liberal and enterprising citizens of Chicago, has, from its commencement, been distinguished by its public spirit and its various and costly enterprises. Founded in the expectation that the late Robert Kennicott would be associated with it as its permanent head, it joined with the Smithsonian Institution of Washington in some very important arctic surveys and collections, which, in consequence of the spirit with which they were followed up, were attended by some very magnificent results, adding greatly to the wealth of its collections. During the absence of Mr. Kennicott, and since his unfortunate death, the Academy has remained in the charge of Mr. William Simpson, a scientist from our own city, who has chiefly devoted himself to the study of conchology, crustacea, and the lower order of animals.

He was the naturalist of the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, and has devoted some twenty years of his life to this study exclusively, part of the time having been with Agassiz in his Florida investigations among the coral formations. During all this while a vast amount of new discoveries, descriptions of new species, etc., have been accumulated. To aid him in his investigations he has had, besides the collections belonging to the Chicago Academy, the collection of the Boston Society, the vast collections of Agassiz belonging to the museum at Cambridge, and, most valuable and best of all, the collections of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. These included the whole of the institution's collection of marine invertebrates, except those of the mollusca of the west coast; all their radiata, all their crustacea, etc., including all the types of all the exploring expeditions sent out by our government, amounting in all to more than a thousand species of these last.

All this has been swept away—the marble building of the Academy, all its own collection and all its borrowed treasures, all of its printed proceedings and library, and, worst of all, the whole of Mr. Simpson's papers, the labor of a lifetime. A century may not replace this loss, while to Mr. Simpson himself the loss is utterly irreparable.

#### Labors of the Queen of England.

A very erroneous impression is prevalent respecting the duties of the sovereign of this country. Those duties are multifarious; they are weighty, and they are unceasing. I will venture to say that no head of any department in the state performs more laborious duties than fall to the sovereign of this country. There is not a dispatch received from abroad, nor one sent from this country, which is not submitted to the queen. The whole internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual, and of our present sovereign it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purpose and of which she did not approve. Those cabinet-councils of which you all hear, and which are necessarily the scene of anxious and important deliberations, are reported and communicated on their termination by the minister to the sovereign, and they often call from her critical remarks, necessarily requiring considerable attention. And I will venture to add that no person likely to administer affairs in this country would treat the suggestions of her majesty with indifference, for at this moment there is, probably, no person living in this country who has such complete control over the political traditions of England as the sovereign herself. The last generation of statesmen have all, or almost all, disappeared—the



Sir Robert Peels, the Lord Derbys, the Lord Palmerstons, have gone, and there is no person who can advise her majesty, or is likely to advise her majesty, in the times in which we live, or who can have such a complete mastery of what has occurred in this country, and of all the great and important affairs of state, foreign and domestic, for the last thirty-four years, as the queen herself. He, therefore, would not be a wise man who would not profit by her majesty's judgment and experience. . . . I would venture, in conclusion, to remind those whom I address that, although her majesty may be, and often is, of great service and assistance to her servants, there never was a more constitutional sovereign than our present queen. All who have served her would admit that, when ministers have been selected by her in deference to what she believed to be the highest interests of the state in the opinion of the country, she gives to them a complete confidence and undeviating support. But, although there never was a sovereign who would more carefully avoid arrogating to herself any power or prerogative which the constitution does not authorize, so I would add there never was a sovereign more jealous or more wisely jealous of the prerogative which the constitution has allotted to her, because she believes they are for the welfare of her people. I, therefore, propose to you "The health of her majesty," and may she long continue a reign which has been distinguished by public duty and private virtue.—*From a Harvest-speech by Mr. Disraeli, September 27th.*

#### The Learned Raven.

There was a goodly congregation assembled within the precincts of the booth to witness the performance of the wonderful bird, and, as a matter of course, a respectable sprinkling of the sex, old and young, which is especially accredited with the bump of curiosity. The raven duly appeared, went through sundry tricks not supposed to be general with ravens in their natural state, such as picking out from a circle of cards, each of which was conspicuously impressed with a capital letter, the components, letter by letter, of some desired word, and arranging them in their proper orthographical order; and then, selecting the fairest damsel in the company, made her a bow and his own reputation in the hearts of every one present at the same moment.

One old lady, however, unwilling to let well alone, asked the showman, with a patronizing air, if the raven had a name.

"Yes," said the showman, in his rough manner, "he knows it well enough; but he don't like to be asked his name."

But the elderly dame, to whom a certain air of religious asceticism, which hardly befitted such a scene of gayety, had imparted an authoritative mien, challenged the "learned raven."

"What's your name?"

"Booleebub!" cried the raven; and, clearing the stage at a swoop, made straight for his inquisitive interrogator, who was only too glad to "skedaddle" from the scene of action, amid the uproarious laughter of the company.

#### The Arab Sword-Trick.

To my astonishment, the next who issued forth as a performer was my Zouave acquaintance, who far eclipsed all the others. He had taken off his fez, and his long, sweeping hair was hanging wildly about him. He advanced to a brazier of burning charcoal placed on the ground, into which incense was thrown, and swung his head and arms about over the rising vapor with intense violence for several min-

utes, when he removed his embroidered jacket, and then his shirt, so that the upper part of his body was nude, his head rocking, and his hair swaying in the wind all the time. On a signal from him, a Marabout presented him with a naked cimeter, whereupon he kissed the feet of the Marabout, and ran the sword across his own tongue. Two men now came forward and held the cimeter between them, when he flung himself upon it on his bare stomach, and in this way he was carried three times around the yard amid rapturous *lou-lous* from above. When he ceased, the cimeter had sunk deeply into the flesh of his stomach, which had folded over it so that it required an effort to extract the weapon. A deep red welt remained, but no blood flowed. He next stood with his bare feet on the edge of the blade, and was borne round in like manner, standing on the weapon. After this he lay upon the ground on his back, and the cimeter was held over his stomach by two men, while a third stood upon the blade. This appeared to inflict dreadful torture upon the victim, but gave intense gratification to the female spectators in the upper gallery, who became louder than ever in their vociferations. These feats must have caused him much suffering, for, at the conclusion, he was in a profuse perspiration, and was laid on the ground and covered over for some time, after which he was supported into the house in a state of apparent exhaustion, doubtless with a bad headache after all the churning his brain had undergone.

#### Railroad Signals.

One whistle, "Down brakes;" two whistles, "Off brakes;" three whistles, "Back up;" continuous whistles, "Danger." A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down. When a conductor gives a signal by a sweeping parting of the hands, on a level with his eyes, it means, "Go ahead." A downward motion of the hand, with extended arms, "Stop." A beckoning motion of the hand, "To back." A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal for starting; swung at right angles or crossways the track, to stop; swung in a circle, to back the train. A red flag, waved upon the track, is a signal of danger; so of other signals given with energy. A red flag hoisted at a station is a signal for a train to stop; stuck up by the road-side, it is a signal of danger on the train ahead; carried unfurled upon an engine, a warning that another engine or train is on its way.

Lovers of field-sports who have visited the Adirondack Mountains, will remember William Graves and his famous hostelry, at the head of Tupper's Lake. The house still stands, but the jolly landlord is gone. He came to his death in the following way: While out in his boat one day, he saw and gave chase to a deer. Nearing the deer, he fired, but missed it. He then rowed nearer and attempted to disable the deer by belaboring it with an oar. During the struggle his boat tipped over, and the enraged beast attacked him. Seeing his danger, Mr. Graves seized the deer by the horns, climbed upon its back, and shouted to his son, who was watching his father from the shore, to shoot the animal. The boy fired, the smoke cleared away, and nothing was to be seen but the deer swimming toward the shore. A search was immediately begun, and, when the body of poor Graves was found, it was discovered that he had not been drowned, but shot in the neck. The sad result shows the danger of trusting one's life to the supposed skill of any marksman.

### Foreign Items.

THE question who owns the Napoleon house at Ajaccio, in Corsica, has recently been revived there, in consequence of the election of Prince Jerome Napoleon to the Corsican Council-General. Having no property on the island, he was declared ineligible, whereupon he claimed a partial ownership in the house where his illustrious uncle was born. An examination of the fact showed, however, that this claim was unfounded. When Napoleon I., upon his return from Egypt, landed suddenly at Ajaccio, he regulated some family affairs with his brothers. He left them all his rights in the family estate, saying that "he trusted solely to his star, so far as the acquisition of property was concerned." The Bonaparte house became the property of Joseph, Napoleon's eldest brother. In the following year, the English troops who landed in Corsica destroyed the house almost completely, but Joseph-Bonaparte caused it soon afterward to be rebuilt. After his death, it was inherited by the Princess Zenside, wife of the Prince of Canino. The princess did not keep the house, but ceded it to Napoleon III., who is still its sole owner, and who has hitherto paid taxes on it. Prince Napoleon lived for a time, in 1848, at the house. He wore, at that time, in Corsica, the uniform of a private of the National Guard. At the time of the general elections, in 1867, Prince Charles Bonaparte was candidate for the Council-General at Ajaccio. As he owned no real estate, he was not allowed to take his seat until he had purchased a small, one-story cottage in the city.

The Leipzig *Grenboten* is generally considered the best magazine that is published in Germany; but the last number contains an article full of the most absurd blunders on the press of the United States. The writer of the article pronounces the Washington *National Intelligencer* the ablest paper in the world, and prefers the New-York *Courier and Enquirer* to most of the other dailies of this city. His knowledge of the German-American journals is peculiarly limited. Deriving his information concerning them, no doubt, from some statistics published as far back as 1848, he tells his readers that Oswald Ottendorfer's *New-York Staats Zeitung* was founded by one "Hunker," and the *New-York Demokrat*, strangely enough, by one "Barnburner."

Although recently numerous publications have appeared in Paris, the book-market there is by no means in a flourishing condition. One of the signs of the times is that the Society of Dramatists and Novelists, which, previous to the war, did a very prosperous business, is insolvent. Besides, nearly all the so-called publication brokers, that is to say, men who advanced money to authors on manuscripts, and tried to find publishers for them, have either failed or retired from business. But two works have had this year a large sale—the books of Generals Wimpffen and Ducrot on the surrender of Sedan. The sale of the former exceeds thirty thousand copies.

Curious changes have recently been made in the Quirinal, in Rome, so as to make it a more fitting residence for King Victor Emmanuel. One of the long and narrow picture-galleries, in the rear wing of the palace, has been transformed into a shooting-gallery, for the king is fond of practising with air-guns. The delightful small court-yard, with its gushing fountain, has been surrounded with small kennels for the use of the numerous hunting-dogs of his

majesty, and most of the books of the library have been removed to the university building.

Before Americans accept offers of lucrative public positions under the Japanese empire, they would do well to satisfy themselves if the parties making these offers are authorized to do so. Recently several Germans, Hollanders, and Frenchmen, who were induced by similar tempting offers to go to Japan, have returned from that country sorely disappointed, and give doleful accounts of the treatment which they have met there.

Saxe-Altenburg, the petty German duchy, was, the other day, the scene of great excitement. A son was born to Duke Maurice, the heir-apparent of his childless uncle, and, in his joy, the prince invited all the one hundred and forty thousand Altenburgers to stand as godfathers and godmothers at the baptismal font of his infant son! The president of the Altenburg Diet represented them on that occasion.

Prince Bismarck said, recently, in regard to the Prussian Ministers of Public Worship and Instruction: "These Ministers of Public Worship are never impartial enough. If they are Protestants, they favor that sect; and, if Catholics, they lean too much toward that side. For this reason I would like to see a Jew Minister of Public Worship in Prussia."

The Princess Thyra of Denmark, to whom the Grand-duke Alexis of Russia is engaged to be married, is a blonde with very light hair, exceedingly regular features, and a high forehead, indicating considerable intellectual capacity. The young princess is an even better linguist than her future husband, she being familiar with no less than six languages.

Field-Marshal Benedek, who was so badly defeated at Sadowa, has brought an action for defamation against the editor of the Vienna *Tagblatt*, which announced the death of the unfortunate general, and published what purported to be a detailed account of his last hours. The whole was the hoax of a young newspaper reporter, and Benedek now wants fifty thousand dollars' damages.

It is said in Paris that President Thiers, notwithstanding his numerous and arduous public duties, has found time to complete his "History of the Reign of Louis XIV.," and that the work, which will be issued in six volumes, will appear at an early day.

General Fleury, who was formerly Napoleon's intimate friend, and who, at one time, held so many sinecures that his annual income exceeded one hundred thousand dollars, all of which he squandered, lives now at Brussels in circumstances bordering upon destitution.

The sultan is in sore trouble on account of the unfaithful conduct of his only son. The lad recently ran away to Tunis, and refused to return to Constantinople until his father had promised to pay him debts.

Dr. Stronsberg, the Prussian railroad king, has assigned all his property to his wife, and has coolly informed his numerous creditors that he is "execution-proof."

The International Publishing-house in Brussels has purchased three new manuscripts from Victor Hugo—two volumes of poetry, and a juvenile work.

The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz offers a prize of five thousand dollars for the best essay on cooperative societies, written in German or French.

The historical writings of George Bancroft are very popular in Germany. The fifth German translation of his "History of America" has just appeared in that country.

The honor of being Chancellor of the Austrian Empire is said to have cost Count von Beust his whole private fortune.

Edward Laboulaye will become managing editor of the *Journal des Debats*, in place of the deceased Bertin.

This year the Russian budget will present, for the first time since 1860, an equilibrium between the expenditures and revenues.

The official organs of the Russian Government boast that Russia has a better high-school system than any other country.

A young lady of eighteen is superintendent of the telegraph station at Kronstadt, in Russia.

The French ambassadors receive the largest salaries of any foreign ministers.

## Varieties.

TEA-GROWING is now carried on in various parts of the South with considerable success. A gentleman in Wilmington, North Carolina, has successfully raised plants and cured tea, which he claims cannot be excelled in favor by the imported article. He obtained the plants from the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent-Office, previous to the war, and their number has increased every year, the latter plants being fully equal in every respect to those first grown. Successful experiments have also recently been made in South Carolina, Tennessee, and California; and the climate of several other sections of the United States is well adapted to this plant. California, especially, seems to possess peculiar advantages in this respect, and tea-culture has already commenced among the Chinese who have settled there, and with the most encouraging results.

Judge Cushman once had a dog case, in which the ownership of the canine was in dispute. The evidence was conflicting, and the judge became confused. "Stop!" said he; "stop right there. We'll settle this matter very shortly. You, Mr. Plaintiff, go into the far corner of the room out there. You, Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here. Now both of you whistle, and Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog." So said, so done; but the dog sprang between the legs of the by-standers and "scotched" out of the door. "Very extraordinary! very extraordinary!" said the judge. "I can't understand that. Mr. Clerk, on the whole, as the plaintiff couldn't prove his case when I gave him a chance, you may enter judgment for the defendant."

John Ruskin, in his last "Letter to the Working-men of Great Britain," says of his boyhood training: "My mother formed me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it, every syllable through, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

The Iowa Woman-Suffrage Convention adopted the following resolution: "That the object for which the Iowa Woman-Suffrage Society is organized is to secure the ballot for women, and that it expressly disavows any responsibility for the opinion or utterances of any party foreign to this, believing, as we do, that the ballot is a power to be used only in the interest of virtue and morality."

The national food of Japan is fish. There is not an ocean or river creature that the Japanese do not eat. And most of the fish sold are not dead fish, but living, jumping, wriggling fish. So much is thought of fishes that, on a certain festival-day, every family that has

had a boy born during the year hangs out a great painted fish to boast of it.

Mrs. Stowe says that "motherhood to the woman who has lived only to be petted, and to be herself the centre of all things, is a virtual deprecation. Something weaker, fairer, more delicate than herself, comes—something for her to serve and care for more than herself."

Mrs. Leary, of Chicago, stoutly denies the story that the great fire was caused by the upsetting of a kerosene-oil lamp in her stable while she was milking her cows. She says the stable must have been fired by incendiaries. She always milks by daylight.

Thousands of farms in France and Germany are divided one from another only by a narrow path; in this country the cost of fences is estimated at three hundred million dollars, which is more than we have laid out on our defences.

The next eclipse of the sun will occur on the 12th of this month. As it is to be visible in the vicinity of Arabia, persons who intend to go and see it should begin to think of getting ready for the trip.

The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

The Postmaster-General has issued an order forbidding letter-carriers to solicit donations by means of New-Year's addresses, the practice being considered prejudicial to the service.

Mr. Parton says there is a tradition in Virginia that Mrs. George Washington was a little tart in her temper, and favored the general occasionally with nocturnal discourse too much in the style of Mrs. Caudle.

"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

Butter was first made for a cosmetic, and was once used for illuminating purposes. It was not known as an assistant in dispatching bread much if any before the Christian era.

A learned naturalist says that all the snakes of New England are harmless except rattlesnakes. He probably does not include snakes in boots.

Hercules was a model husband; rather than stay out late at night, he invariably carried his club home with him.

The manufacture of chloral has become enormous. One German chemist sells half a ton every month.

It is not true of trouble, and some other things, that "the more you have, the more you want."

One hundred and twenty-five school-teachers were thrown out of employment by the Chicago fire.

A California ghost was detected carrying off an iron bar weighing one hundred and thirty pounds.

A suggestion has been made that is worth attention—namely, to build lodging-houses at the sea-side in flats, French style.

The saying that "it is more pleasant to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

When is a smile behind time? When it's a little laughter.

Women should never be lawyers; they would constantly have writs of "attachment."

Flesh & Blood is the suggestive name of a firm in the butcher business.

Photographic albums with music-box attachments are coming into fashion.

Can a lover be called a suitor when he don't suit her?



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